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∴ BALSAM · BOUGHS ∴

Being

—Adirondack · and · other · Stories—

∴ ARCHIBALD · CAMPBELL · KNOWLES ∴

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UPPER AU SABLE.

# SAM BOWIGHS

AND OTHER STORIES

BY SAMUEL CAMPBELL AND WILES

*ILLUSTRATED*

PHILADELPHIA  
PORTER & COATES

1893

#2





Fig. 1. A. B. 100.

# BALSAM BOUGHS

BEING

ADIRONDACK AND OTHER STORIES

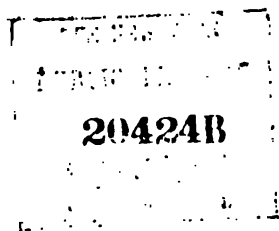
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## DEDICATED TO MY WIFE.

---

Let us soar 'mid the realms of Fancy,  
Let us rise on blithesome wings,  
Wherever that Fancy leads us,  
Whatever thoughts it brings.  
Let us roam through the forests primeval,  
Where nature is wild and free,  
Where the wind sighs through the tree-tops  
In sweetest of melody;  
Let us walk o'er the ferns and mosses  
Spread thickly over the ground;  
Let us breathe delicious fragrance  
Of wild flowers blooming round;  
Let us hear the brooklet murmur  
In many a wild-wood place;  
Let us joy in the damps of the forest  
So cooling to one's face;  
Let us climb the heights of mountains  
And gaze on the world below;  
Let us look on the lakes and rivers  
On which we oft did row.  
Then away to the sunny seashore,  
Let us stroll by the sounding sea,  
And watch the waves that softly kiss  
The sand so caressingly;  
Let us gaze on the ocean raging,  
Let us look on its troubled breast,  
Or in moments of calm so placid  
When it seems to sleep and rest.  
Let us hie us back to the city,  
Where men live as thick as bees,  
Where toil and sorrow and pleasure,  
And the good and bad one sees.

\* \* \* \* \*

So we joy in the flight of Fancy,  
It brightens the daily life,  
And I pray these few short stories,  
May do so for my wife.  
So again to the mountains and forest  
Where the wind ever sighs and soughs  
Singing of her to whom I now  
Dedicate Balsam Boughs!

THE AUTHOR.

October, 1893.



## PREFACE.

---

THE logs are blazing merrily in the hearth ; the dancing flames are casting flickering light and shadow pictures on the wall ; the pleasant warmth is softly stealing over one ; forgotten is the snow outside lying like a white mantle on the ground, forgotten are the ghostly, leafless trees, forgotten is the chill wind moaning so sadly, as dreamily watching the fire, we go in spirit to the "land of the pines."

Again we see the open camp on some quiet lake amid the beautiful Adirondacks ; again we see the moonlight shining through the trees, showing the lake glistening like silver and the mountain peaks standing like grim shadowy sentinels on every side ; again we hear the wind softly sighing through the pines ; again we see the blazing fire brilliantly lighting the little camp, and as in spirit we seem to be there, let us listen to the tales and stories as in deep happiness and contentment we recline on the fragrant BALSAM BOUGHS.

A. C. K.



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Upper Au Sable Lake . . . . . Frontispiece

Lower Au Sable Lake . . . . . opposite page 150

Adirondack Lodge . . . . . “ “ 128

(From “The Adirondacks,” kindness of Mr. S. R. Stoddard.)

Looking Towards Indian Pass . . . opposite page 106

(From “The Adirondacks,” kindness of Mr. S. R. Stoddard.)

The Adirondacks . . . . . head of “Illustrations”

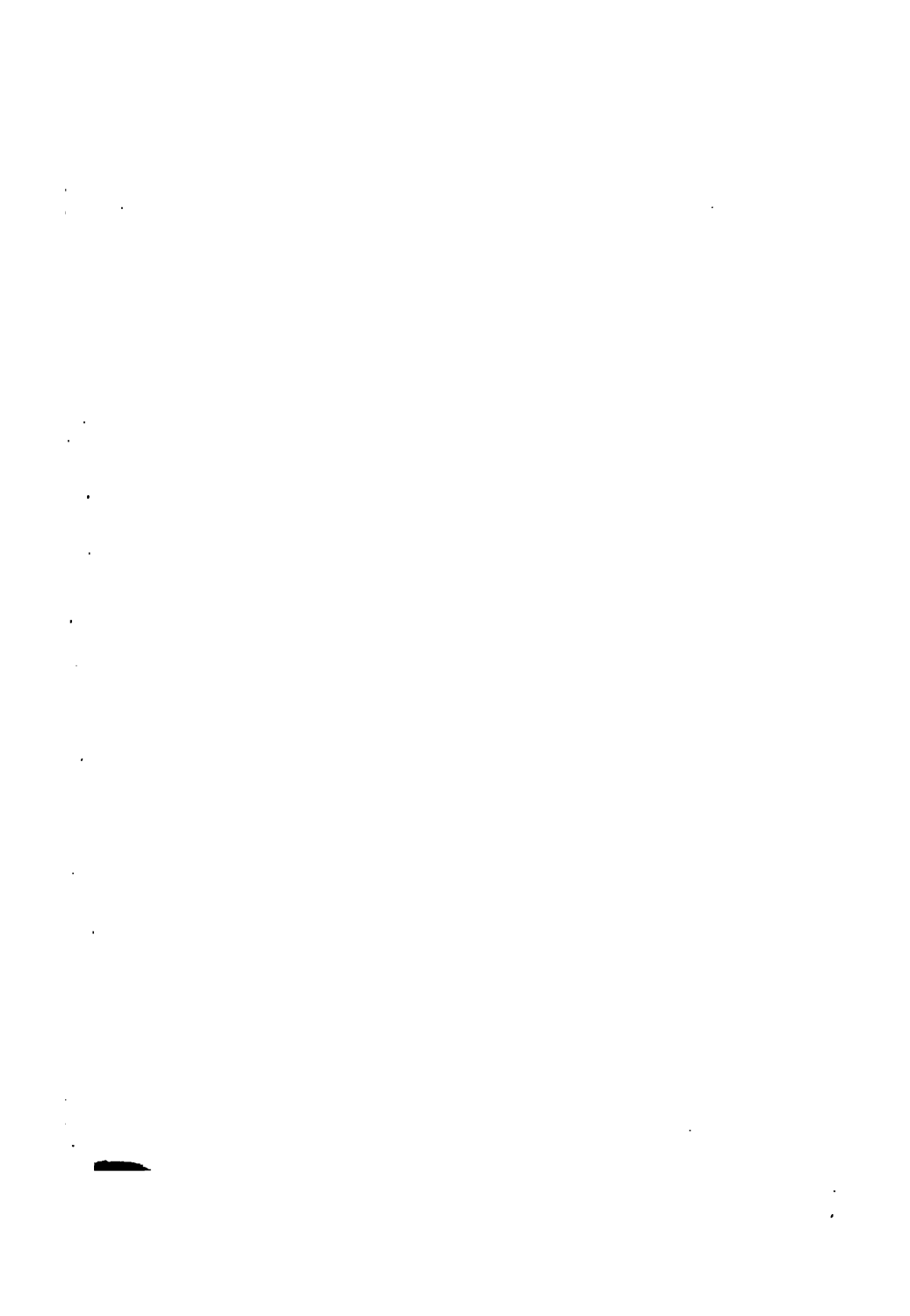
(From “The Adirondacks,” kindness of Mr. S. R. Stoddard.)

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## THE SIGNOR.

---

**T**HE SIGNOR was growing old. His once youthful face showed the ravages of old Father Time. No longer did the rich, southern blood mantle his cheeks, no more did his eyes flash with the old-timed fire. Now wrinkles and crow's feet showed on his face, and his poor old eyes, dimmed with cares and years, looked vaguely ahead, as if uncertain of their sight. Snowy-white hair curled round his forehead, and clustered about his head and neck, giving the old Signor, with his smoothly-shaven face, quite a patriarchal, distinguished air.

The Signor played the violin, and gave lessons on it, as witnessed by a modest little plate that appeared in the single window of his little room, calling the attention of the passers-by to this fact. To this, another announcement had been added, that the Signor also performed upon the organ, and would be pleased to play or offer instruction on that instrument.

He occupied a modest little room, in a cheap quarter of the city, but though the room was small, and the sign was small, the Signor was a man of rare talents, and his skill on both the violin and organ was known to the really musical souls who sought him out.

But the Signor never attained notoriety—he was too modest and retiring, and his manner while excessively polite, was always distant, and people thought him unappreciative. His receipts were small, and as years passed, the Signor seemed to grow sadder and older, and lonelier.

One day an acquaintance—for he always said he had no friend—asked him why he seemed so absent minded and sad.

“Ah ! Signor” he replied “would not you be sad, if your Signora and children were in Italy, and you were waiting to save enough to bring them over to America, and the money did not come ? Five years have I waited and played, and played and waited, and here I am. I have almost enough, but I feel I am growing old, and perhaps may never see my Signora again !”

The Signor furtively brushed a tear from his eye, and then drawing his slender figure up, he bowed impressively, and placing his hand on his heart, exclaimed, “But pardon, signor,

I should not of myself have spoken. I am at your service."

From that day, fortune suddenly seemed to smile upon the Signor, and never before had he so many calls for his services, and so many lessons to be given. Whether the story he had told his friend had been repeated, and his friend had used his influence for the help of the Signor, never occurred to him, but he modestly accepted his good fortune as his just due.

One night, the Signor closed the door of his little room, and drawing the curtains of his window, he went to a little cupboard and from it took a little bag. Seating himself at his shabby little desk, which stood opposite his organ (rented by the month), he opened the bag and poured its store—gold, silver and copper on the table.

The look of expectation, the yearning glance was not such as a miser's face would wear, no, it was that of a man bent on some beneficent deed or unselfish act. And to pay for the coming of his wife and children from distant Italy was not selfish, for though it would be his greatest joy, it would be their pleasure also.

Coin after coin the old Signor counted out. Suddenly he became excited as he hurriedly went over the remaining pieces.

At last, after those years of waiting the Signor had enough ! Now he would see his Signora, now he would play with his children and hear them call to him, now with them around him he would feel amply repaid for those long, long months of work and loneliness!

A glad smile appeared on his wrinkled face, his dim eyes became dimmer yet with tears of joy and thankfulness.

By and by, he could contain himself no longer ; he sprung to his feet, and after executing a dignified "pas seul," he grasped his violin, and drew the bow over the expectant strings.

His music was gay—rondos, dances, reels, jigs and serenades he dashed off—improvising from time to time. There were sweet sounds like the laughing of children ; there were notes so soft yet joyous that it seemed as if some rushing brook was rippling merrily over the pebbles of its bed ; there were strains that brought up visions of green fields and hills with young girls and boys playing merrily amid their verdant slopes ; there were untold melodies that only the old Signor could play or think out.

Then he stopped, and sat down once more and penned a letter home, all the time being in spirit in that little village by the blue waters of the distant Mediterranean.

The next morning that letter was on its way, while day by day the old Signor waited, with happy eyes and glad face.

His acquaintances were told of his success and were made ready for the new arrivals.

Days passed, and then weeks, and then they grew to months.

At first, when no answer came, the Signor looked surprised, but as time passed, he daily became older looking, and the glad, happy look once more left his face, and in its stead came a worried, haggard, disappointed expression.

The old Signor day by day gave his lessons, but each succeeding night came home more and more tired and heartsick. Then he would sit at his organ, and there through the divine instrument, would pour out his grief in music, and feel some solace from it.

One day—it was Christmas Eve—as he was finishing giving a lesson to one of his oldest pupils, the butler entered and handed the Signor a telegram.

“Ah! Here it is! Now will they come” said the Signor, the light once more coming into his saddened eyes. He opened it, read it, and seemed as if stunned.

His pupil, frightened, picked up the despatch and read :

"Signora—— and children died of the cholera  
three months ago. JOHN SMITH,  
Consul at——"

They tried to console the Signor, and offered him wine, fearing the blow would be too much.

The Signor rallied, and refusing all offers of help to see him home, left them.

The day was cold, bitterly cold, but he did not feel it, for his heart was colder within him.

Hardly knowing how he reached his little room, the Signor entered, and closed his door.

Crushed, disappointed of his hope of years, with wife and children dead, nothing seemed to remain for him.

The Signor prayed silently, for the Signor confessed a God, and he could still pray.

Then he staggered to his organ and touched the keys.

His fingers played, while with closed eyes he seemed unconscious of the darkening room and growing night. He forgot himself.

He played an interlude, as it were, full of soft, beautiful passages mingled with heavy, sonorous sounds, like unto Life with its pleasures and griefs; then a harmony, seemingly unending, like his years of patient waiting; then his touch became stronger, and harsh discordant notes were heard, as of the crashes of a storm, and there was a sound as of the beating

rain, and the howling wind ; then a hurried undertone as of fear, while through all of this ran a sorrowful, awful wailing, as of an agonized breaking heart—the heart of the player himself ; then a sudden hush, and sweet, soft, strains, full of peace and rest rose on the air. It seemed as if the voices of angels were singing some divine harmony ; then tremulous and dreamy, as of a soul in its last prayer to its Maker.

Slower and slower became the melody, sweeter and sweeter the tones, until they died away in a long, beautiful echo.

The moon arising, shone through the window on the old Signor, with his head now resting against the organ. Her light showed an expression of the most perfect peace and rest on the old man's face, as if forgotten was his disappointment and grief.

But the light about his face showed it was the peace that the world cannot give—it was the "Peace of God which passeth all understanding," for the old Signor was dead.



## OLD GRUMPS.

---

SO I'm an old curmudgeon!" muttered old Grumps as he buttoned up his coat and turned the collar up about his neck to keep out the cold.

It was Christmas Eve, and he had just left his lonely, gloomy, dingy looking house, in which he had lived for years, to go for a walk along the streets, for somehow, this afternoon his house seemed oppressive and full of old memories.

It was still quite light, and the streets were thronged with old and young, engaged either in buying little Christmas gifts at this last moment, or in looking into the brilliantly lighted windows and enjoying the fun and happiness that Christmas Eve always seems to bring.

Old Grumps had no sympathy with this feeling, for Christmas meant nothing to him, and the cheerfulness that seemed to pervade everybody and everything, only served to make

still more wretched his gloomy and hard old heart.

He was rapidly hurrying along, when some little ragged urchins blocked his way, and one of them holding out a cigar-box with a slit in it, begged of him: "Please, mister, give us a penny. Please do, for this is Christmas Eve."

Grumps pushed him away and told him to "clear out," at which the boys all set up the shout, "Let him alone, Billy, 'tis old Grumps, the old curmudgeon!"

Now old Grumps usually never gave a rap for people's opinions, or people's criticism, but somehow or other, this time as he hurried away, the words keep ringing in his ears, "The old curmudgeon! The old curmudgeon! Grumps, the old curmudgeon!"

Grumps walked rapidly on, and presently he was out of the town and moving along the country turn-pike road, evidently desirous of getting away from the town. He seemed buried in thought and utterly oblivious to the snow which had commenced to fall thickly, and was covering the ground with soft white flakes, and he did not notice that the light was rapidly fading away.

Presently, however, he became conscious of the growing darkness, of the fast falling snow which seemed to beat a little tattoo on his

head, seeming to say "The old curmudgeon ! Grumps, the old curmudgeon !" and he felt the cold wind which had now sprung up and which seemed singing in his ears, "The old curmudgeon ! Grumps, the old curmudgeon !"

Suddenly Grumps paused, and a shudder seemed to go through his frame as he looked around. He must have walked a long distance, and he recalled having gone up and down several little hills, but now as he looked about there was not a house or a light to be seen; the very road itself was hidden, and all around was apparently an endless undulating expanse, one smooth sheet of snow, with bare, leafless trees here and there sighing in the wind.

Old Grumps was lost! Before him was not a sign to show him his way. All was white snow, while the very tracks he had made in coming were now obliterated by the falling flakes. Lost in the snow! Terrible thought! To go on might be to wander farther away, to go back was just as full of danger, for which way now was back? To remain still was death, for the snow would soon drift about him, the sharp wind would chill him to the bone, and gradually he would lose consciousness.

Grumps stood irresolute. It was bad enough

to be lost, but it was the darkness that made him fearful. Half forgotten tales of goblins and elves aroused his superstitious dread. He looked fearfully around. The trees seemed to be whispering, nodding and grinning fiendishly in the darkness, and like evil spirits, they called up old memories of the past he had tried to forget—his early happy life, his pleasant home, the love of his heart, now dead, his married children, once devoted to him, but whom, one by one, he had driven away from him by his ill humor and his grumptiness, as he kept on growing more and more selfish and regardless of others, and more and more thoughtless of the poor and wretched, whom he could have helped so much with his wealth. All this and a host of other recollections came to him. His wretched heart seemed to grow cold within him, as he thought truly he *was* "an old curmudgeon!"

Suddenly he became still more startled as a gust of wind blew off his hat. He started on a run, and only came to a pause as he came upon a group of white figures in the snow.

It was a weird and ghostly sight, and yet as he looked he felt reassured, for the leader was a little old man with red, jolly-looking face and long white beard, who was warming his hands over a little fire near which stood a sleigh

and four reindeer. Truly it was Kris Kingle or Santa Claus, as he is variously called!

He beckoned Grumps to the fire, and then as he looked at his terrified appearance, his hatless head and white face, old Kris put his hands to his side and laughed and laughed, as he said "Well! well! well! The old curmudgeon! Grumps, the old curmudgeon!"

This made Grumps angry, and he was going to go for the little old man, who seemed to know him the same as every one else, when suddenly there sprang up all about him, dozens of little fellows similar to Kris, who shook their fat little bodies and pointed their fingers at Grumps and said in chorus, "The old curmudgeon! Grumps, The old curmudgeon!"

Grumps was absolutely startled. All seemed to know him, all seemed to point to him as an object of opprobrium.

The fire burned low, all the little old men formed a circle and danced noiselessly around, the trees bent their branches and whispered together, the wind sighed mournfully around, as the refrain would rise and fall in ever varying modulations: "The old curmudgeon! Grumps, the old curmudgeon!"

Grumps was almost dumb with fear, the strange little men, the invisible voices, all startled him, but inside his breast his heart was

growing softer and softer, and he was feeling thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Suddenly it seemed as if the falling snow formed the sheet as of a magic lantern, and Grumps saw views thrown upon it in rapid succession. He saw the upper room of a rotten tenement house he owned, in which an old man and woman were shivering by the fire, destitute of comforts; then he saw a narrow alley court, and in it a little house in which several starved-looking children were crying for something to eat, while the mother sat wringing her hands; again he saw a sick-room where a poor invalid had nothing to tempt her body to health again; he saw misery and wretchedness. Then the views changed and he saw a happy home in which parents were preparing a Christmas tree for their little ones; he saw children in their innocent sleep dreaming of Santa Claus and presents; he saw people well-to-do, or poor, but all trying to get some Christmas joy.—Yes, many and many a view was flashed on this wonderful snow curtain, as the little old men danced round, and the voices sang “The old curmudgeon!”

Suddenly the chime of a bell was heard. Kris Kingle darted to his sleigh, heaped with presents, and like a flash started off on his rounds; the dancing men disappeared; the fire

died out, and old Grumps found himself shivering and alone, listening to the dim chiming of a bell. Was it a dream? Where could he be and what was the bell?

He looked around. It had ceased snowing, the bright moon was streaming around, and there only a little ways ahead was a church.

Grumps hated churches, but an irresistible impulse urged him on until he reached the door, which was open. He entered; all was in darkness.

Grumps felt his way to a pew, and novel as it was to him, he knelt down and *prayed*, yes *prayed*, for his old hard heart had *melted*, and he was a *curmudgeon* no longer!

Up on the high altar was a beautiful painting of the Madonna, and suddenly it seemed to Grumps as if countless little lights were flashing there. He saw the beaming face of the Blessed Virgin, and the outstretched arms of the Holy Child, as sweet, beautiful voices sang: "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth, peace, goodwill towards men," and as he looked and listened, Grumps's face seemed changed, as for the first time he felt the true Christmas light and joy pouring in on his heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas—and many a poor family

and wretched person was made glad by the presents that old Grumps—now genial, kind old Grumps sent. There was a dinner for all the poor little boys and girls, there was a “spread” in many a wretched little house, and many countless good deeds all due to the old “curmudgeon.”

And the “old curmudgeon” himself, what happened to him? Humbly he went to church, then he gathered his neglected relations together, and with song and jest and good cheer, they passed a happy Christmas.

In the soft twilight old Grumps fell asleep, and the waning light partly showed the beautiful smile on his face, and told that no longer he dreamed of elves and evil spirits, but full of “the peace that passeth understanding,” heard the song of the angels as they sang: “Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, Peace, Goodwill towards men.”



## LITTLE TIM'S CHRISTMAS.

---

**I**T was Christmas Eve, cold, clear and starlight. The streets were thronged with people buying little presents at the last moment, or wandering here and there, to gaze in the windows, gayly dressed with many a thing to please the eye and tempt the fancy.

Little Tim pushed about among the crowd. He was tired from his work, and his little figure so thinly clad, shook with the cold, but he felt it was Christmas Eve, and that he must have "some Christmas." So with his little red hands deep down in his trousers pockets and his coat-collar turned way up round his neck, Tim waited and pushed, and tried to get a look at the big window, in front of which a crowd was standing, and from time to time cheering. Tim may have had a big heart, but he certainly had a little body, and try as he might, he could hardly catch a glimpse of what was to be seen.

"Let a feller see fer a minit, won't yer?"

said Little Tim, raising his eyes beseechingly to an old gentleman whose portly body shut off all view in his direction.

The old gentleman looked down inquiringly, and saw the queer, tiny figure of little Tim.

"So you want to see, do you, my boy?"

"Yes, sir! I want to have some Christmas!" replied Tim.

"Poor little chap! Is this all the Christmas he has!" thought the old gentleman as he made way for Tim to stand in front of him. Further thought was cut short by a little sigh of satisfaction from Tim as he obtained a good view of the window. In it was a house all lighted up inside, while outside make-believe snow lay around, and a very large moon looked down on the scene. Just then a little man with a long white beard, jovial red face and fat little figure—a veritable Santa Claus—came bouncing in, and bowing to the crowd, opened a pack and began to show the beautiful things inside.

"Oh! Jeminy! Don't I wish de fellers was here!" exclaimed Tim, as with open eyes he watched the funny figure of Santa Claus.

"Why! He's a-going down de chimbley! Say, Mister, are there little boys and little

girls in that house?" suddenly said Tim, turning to his portly friend behind him.

"No, I think not. He is just showing how he will treat you all to-night, when at your homes," replied the old gentleman.

Tim's astonished little eyes looked in the old gentleman's face. "Does he really go down chimbleys and give peoples *things*?" Don't he hurt hisself?" This was a poser; the old gentleman coughed, but before he could reply, little Tim said sadly: "I guess I ain't in it. He never comes to me! I'm only little Tim!"

Santa Claus had now finished distributing his gifts, so coming to the front of the window, he bade the spectators good-night, and away he went.

As the lights were put out in the window, little Tim heaved a deep sigh of regret.

The old gentleman by this time had begun to feel an interest in little Tim, and thought he would ask him where he lived. Little Tim told him, and then they separated.

The portly old gentleman began slowly to wander homeward. He was not the crusty old miser of the story books, who has goblins or spectres appear to him on Christmas Eve, telling him he is very wicked, and frighten him into being a new man ever after. No,

the old gentleman was a kind old fellow, but he did hate to bother himself, so he tried to forget little Tim. But before his eyes would appear the slim, ragged little figure, and in his ears would sound that weak little voice when he asked to see and to "have some Christmas."

The old gentleman himself did not have much Christmas, for his relations were all dead, and he and his wife were alone and had no children, but then they had plenty of money and a comfortable home.

"Go now and see little Tim," whispered a voice. He hurried along, but again and again the voice said: "Go and see little Tim, little Tim," each time growing more and more importunate.

He paused irresolutely and then suddenly turning, he did as the voice had whispered, and hunted for little Tim's house. He found it just as Tim reached the door. It was in the back of a dirty little court, and the house—a two-story one, looked as if it would fall in every minute—but inside everything was scrupulously clean, but almost bare of comforts.

Two little children called to Tim to ask what he had seen, and the old gentleman addressed himself to a thin, tired-looking woman, Tim's mother.

She said that her husband had been dead some time, that she was often too ill to work, and that little Mary (pointing to a small crippled girl), suffered very much. Tim was the only means of keeping the family from starving, and often they were almost in despair.

Presently the old gentleman arose and saying good-bye, shook hands with little Tim and left.

"Poor people," thought the old gentleman as he wandered homewards, but most of his sympathy was for poor little crippled Mary.

Christmas Eve went out and Christmas Day came in.

The old gentleman had told his wife all about Tim and his family, and together they had taken an early walk, while a few of the stores were still open.

Tim woke up, full of his dreams about a beautiful Santa Claus, and stockings full of good things, and little visions of reindeer and chimney-tops—and looked around at the bare walls of his tiny room.

All the same as ever, nothing new, so poor little Tim crept downstairs, feeling disappointed that the jolly old Santa Claus had not visited him. Tim was the cook, but their breakfast was not a very hard meal to prepare. He made a little coffee, and with

some bread and butter they made their meal. Suddenly there was a knock and a big bundle was handed in.

It contained a warm suit for Tim and some little comforts for the house, marked, "From Santa Claus."

They were interrupted in the midst of their delight, by another knock, and there was a turkey and lots of good things, such as the children had never eaten !

What a Christmas they had ! How big and proud they felt in their nice new and warm clothes ; how they frequently looked again at the good things to eat to be sure they were real, and how Tim told long stories of the Santa Claus he had seen in the window !

And when at the close of the day, tired with their fun and play, but happy as could be, they crept to their beds, they felt they had had a real Christmas, and if sleep for a while refused to come to them, they revelled in visions of Santa Claus and the good things they had had.

The portly old gentleman and his wife returned home from their walk, and perhaps little Tim, though he did not say so, guessed rightly, when he thought that they knew all about who sent the presents.

The old gentleman spent some time in writ-

ing some letters, and one of them enclosed a check to endow a bed in a Home for Crippled Children. And then he wrote another long letter, arranging that Tim's little sister Mary should be admitted to that Home, where she would be treated and made happy, and where her family could see her.

It is hard to imagine their delight at the news!

Then the old gentleman and his wife had their Christmas dinner, and never before had they enjoyed this meal so much.

The feeling that they had made little Tim's family happy, and afterwards some other poor people happy, made them happy themselves, and thinking of the real Christmas they had given others, made them thoroughly enjoy theirs.

And afterwards, when dozing in a chair with his hands folded across his portly figure, with his jolly old face wearing a smile of happiness and contentment, the old gentleman dreamed, and it was of angels fluttering about him singing, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

# LOVE VICTORIOUS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### AT MOUNT DESERT.

---

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore."

LORD BYRON.

**I**T was a perfect August morning at Mount Desert. For days the thick fog had hung over the island, hiding everything from sight, making walking and driving very uncomfortable, if not absolutely dangerous, and with its accompaniment of chill and wet, rendering life anything but pleasant.

Now, as if by fairy hands, all was changed. The warm sun was shining brightly over sea and land, causing the calm waters of Frenchman's Bay to flash and sparkle, and making a fascinating play of light and shadow in places where the dense growth of trees cast their green colorings on the water.

There was a dreamy languor and softness in the air, only to be had on an August day, and



it seemed especially fitting to the smoothly gliding canoe which was slowly making its way in the lea of the winding shores.

A sun-browned and athletic-looking man of about thirty, Ralph Randolph by name, arrayed in the customary garb of flannels, softly plied the paddle, as he watched his course along the coast, and glanced from time to time at the other occupant of the canoe.

Virginia Lee well deserved the reputation she had acquired as "the belle of the summer." Tall, slender and graceful of figure, there was a certain charm about her that invariably attracted one, and together with her bright, refined, pleasing face, with her dark eyes capable of flashing with fun, or glowing with feeling, and with the masses of dark, wavy brown hair that clustered about her head, she was certainly a pretty girl. In a large straw hat, and a jaunty yachting dress, Virginia made a very lovely picture as she reclined in the canoe, scorning parasol and gloves, her hands hanging idly over the sides, touching the ice-cold water, which rippled against her fingers, as the canoe glided over the waves.

Randolph had met Miss Lee during the previous winter, when she had made her debut in society.

Randolph having been her devoted admirer

then, it was perfectly natural that he should appear at Bar Harbor for a few weeks' stay, and of course the gossips just as naturally told him off as "Virginia's man."

Here, in beautiful Mount Desert, the long romantic walks, the driving parties, the dances, and the many chances of seeing each other, that a stay at Bar Harbor affords, had only served to deepen the friendship already beginning to develop into love.

With so many thoughts and feelings in common, a winter's season of gayety, followed by a summer life like this, could hardly help such a result.

Perhaps the strongest bonds of friendship or love, are those that spring from the convictions of religion, and this was certainly the case of Virginia and Randolph. Both had very strong ideas of duty ; both were regular attendants at a certain very ritualistic church in town, and both were interested in the various works among the poor, in the way of guilds and classes, which had been the means of throwing them much together.

Then, too, Virginia, though a girl, was of a very inquiring mind as regards the lot and life of the poorer people, and in this respect, too, she had her counter-part in Randolph. He was quite a thinker, and having an extensive,

although perhaps not always a thorough knowledge of the theories and practice of social economics, he was delighted to find such a ready listener in Virginia, and unknown to her or him he was gradually fashioning her ideas in conformity with his.

But above and about all of this soberness and depth of seriousness, there was a life and animation about Virginia, which made her a most lively and fascinating companion, and well endeared her to her many friends.

The summer at Mount Desert was passing all too quickly, and now on this morning, the day before the one on which Randolph was to leave for home, they were taking a last long paddle together, canoeing being something in which they both delighted.

Along they glided, Randolph one moment urging them forward by a few powerful, but noiseless strokes, then ceasing to paddle, he would watch the canoe slowly drift onward.

An intense quiet seemed to reign, even the winds being asleep, and the light haze only served to make still more beautiful and ideal the distant mainland, with its ranges of purplish mountains fading away to the horizon. Now the canoe would float over a little bay, where the waters glistened and shone ; then, rounding some projecting point of mainland,

it would closely skirt the shores, passing the thickly clad, pine-covered heights, the rough, black rocks, or suddenly come upon some artistically designed cottage, with its green lawn and cliff walks.

After they had proceeded for several miles along the coast, at a suggestion from Virginia, Randolph turned the canoe, and headed for Bar Island.

Before they reached there, they came to the long swells of the ocean, now rolling in, and with long easy leaps, the canoe, seemingly endowed with life, as it were, rapidly darted forward.

"Isn't this perfect!" said Virginia, "I think there is such a rare sense of pleasure in being on the water, and in the feeling that one is away from the noise and hum of the town. Here, you see, is almost absolute stillness. Besides, it is so jolly to feel the canoe almost spring beneath one!"

"Yes," said Randolph, "this swell helps one's stroke immensely, and it is most exhilarating to see the canoe dart along as I use the paddle. Don't you think it would be pleasant to land, and to walk for a little while along the rocks of the island?"

"Yes, indeed, I think it would be lovely, if you do not mind the trouble. You are sure

you'll not upset us?" This last was said with a mischievous little laugh.

"Well, if we do go over," replied Ralph, "it would be so romantic, you know, for me to rescue a fair maiden from the waves, and have everyone praise my skill or bravery!"

"If you do not mind, I must prefer to be prosaic" laughed Virginia, "especially as this water is not noted for its warmth!"

They ceased talking as they approached closely to the island.

Randolph singled out a little beach of gleaming sand, lying at the foot of some giant cliffs. Slowly now and very carefully he guided the canoe—for it requires great care and skill to make a safe landing—and in a few seconds a soft grating sound told them that the canoe had beached.

A few moments answered to draw the canoe to a place of safety, where it would not chafe against the rocks or be carried off, should the tide rise.

Then Randolph and Virginia climbed to the rocks above, and entered the cool shade of the trees. The pine-cones formed a soft carpet beneath their feet, and filled the air with their fragrance, mingling with that of the wild flowers growing about, the characteristics of most of the lovely islands of Maine. Passing

through a mass of luxuriant ferns and mosses, and bright blossoms of golden-rod here and there, they came out on the cliffs into the sun again.

Selecting a comfortable spot in a little corner of the rocks, they seated themselves, and for a few moments sat silently watching the bright sea and the white sails skimming over its smooth surface far out from shore.

"Does the sea make you sad?" asked Virginia suddenly.

"Yes, but I rather like the feeling, when caused by the sea," Randolph answered, "for it is a pleasant sadness, and one great thing which always appeals to me in the ocean, is, as it were, its sympathy with one's moods. It is always changing, and often it seems exactly to correspond with one's feelings."

"I partly understand what you mean," said Virginia, "if you say that on a calm day the sea might please you, or that on a stormy day, it would be oppressive, or even irritating; but how do you mean that it is in sympathy with your moods?"

"I mean this: A man may feel gloomy and depressed—he walks to the shore, and the sea too seems sullen and dark; then, at another time, he may be angry at something or may be worrying about matters which he cannot help or

change—just as the sea, when in a rage, frets, chafes, or beats against the rocks in vain ; once again, a man is bright and happy, and his thoughts are calm and untroubled. In this mood he wanders along the coast and sees the ocean at rest, and its placid bosom corresponds with his own feeling of peace and quiet, and he feels just such a deep joy in looking at the smooth waters and listening to their murmur, as Byron must have experienced when he wrote in 'Childe Harold' :

' There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore.' "

Virginia sat thinking for a few moments, and then said : " I think you are right, Mr. Randolph, and there is no doubt that the sea is companionable. It makes me think, however, how wonderful it is, and how insignificant we little mortals are. Sometimes that sense of power which it has, together with the feeling of loneliness one often has at its side, is oppressive to me and I long to leave it. Still, I love it dearly. But I love it best when I watch it, as we now see it, and when I hear its soft murmur, and feel the fresh, salty air blowing from it. I enjoy it so much, that to me it sometimes seems very selfish to be staying here all summer, when so many poor people are working and toiling away in the hot cities, quite worn out,

to whom a stay here would be like a little earthly paradise, and probably add years to their life."

"That is really a noble thought, Miss Lee, and well worthy of you," said Ralph, "and I fear that very few people here ever let such an idea come into their heads, for it might spoil their pleasure! This world has become so changed, however, from its first conditions, that it looks as if it were ordained that some should live in wretchedness, want and privation—an existence of much work and scanty pleasure—while others should have little to do, except to seek one means of enjoyment after another. Perhaps your remaining in the city, as you suggest, would only add another one to the 'stay-at-homes,' with but little return or good resulting from your self-sacrifice."

"That is not very encouraging, Mr. Randolph, or complimentary to one's power for good," returned Virginia.

"Indeed, it is, though," Ralph hastened to say, "for we all know how much many of the poor whom you visit in the winter love you, and we also know of the many works for them, in which you take an active part. Besides, how about those little summer trips you give to so many poor children, and all that sort of thing. Why, I tell you, Miss Lee, if most persons did



but a little of what you do, this world would be a far happier place, not only for those benefited, but for the helpers themselves."

"Sometimes, I think," said Virginia, in a very low voice, and almost as if speaking to herself, while her eyes had a soft, dreamy look in them, as she gazed on the ocean, "that so many of us, professing to be good church people, following our Lord and presumably trying to bear other's crosses, do so little, so *very* little for Him! Perhaps we work in some pet guilds or teach some nice *good* little boys in Sunday Schools, visit a little, and speak familiarly of slumming and self-sacrifice, but how few really know what it is to work for others! What a lovely life it would be, to devote one's entire time and efforts to help and raise the unfortunate!"

For a few moments there was silence, for both were deep in the thoughts that had come to them. Finally Randolph said: "I think, Miss Lee, that your time is devoted to far more of humanitarian work than you give yourself credit for. Since we are talking so confidentially, let me tell you of my ideal life and I can think of nothing finer, to my mind, than this: Two lives, made one by marriage, happy in each other, in that mutual self-sacrifice which true love involves, and in that ready sympathy

which comes of similar ideas ; these two persons faithful to their home and those around them, yet daily working and planning to give help, sunshine and hope to the unfortunate poor or sinning ones who are around everywhere. I am sure you will not laugh at this. You see there is such a large field in which to work, and there are so few unselfish workers. Will you forgive me forcing this idea on you ? ”

“ There is nothing to forgive, Mr. Randolph, and I thank you for your confidence, ” and then after a pause, she added as if afraid of his continuing : “ I am so sorry that you are to leave to-morrow. ”

“ I fear it cannot be helped, as I have to return to work. I, too, am awfully sorry. And what pleasant times we have had together, climbing the mountains, and taking long walks or canoe trips. By the way, will you ever forget the day on which we drove to Otter Cliffs and were caught in the rain ? Every time I think of it, it makes me laugh, and I can see us now, driving home, with that old horse at a gallop, as we sat on the buck-board with a shawl over our knees, while I held an umbrella up with one hand, and drove with the other. My ! We were wet, and the people were shocked as we drove into the town ! ”

"So silly they were," responded Virginia, with a blush, "As if we had broken through every rule of conventionality! No, I do not forget, and I wish we could have our summer all over again. But we must go now, for I fear it is getting late."

Up she rose, and then both of them carefully clambered down the rocks, and reaching their canoe, launched it, and paddled for home.

That night Randolph sat with Virginia on the piazza for quite a while. It was at a hop, and they preferred the soft sea-breeze and the play of the moonlight outside, to waltzing amid the throng of dancers in the hot, stifling parlors.

Randolph longed to tell Virginia of his feeling for her but something prevented him and made him put it off.

The following morning, when on the steamer, he stood in the stern, and saw the bold, rocky shores of Mount Desert rapidly fading away in the distance, it was with a deep regret that he realized that his trip was over, and that many weeks must elapse before he would see Virginia again.

## CHAPTER II.

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### THE SAME OLD STORY.

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"—Everywhere, love hangs bleeding on the Crucifix."

Another winter had passed, and the time of parties and teas had been succeeded by the days of Lent, when society had, in a measure, retired within itself, many members to try to lead more useful, sensible lives, but perhaps a far greater number to pass the sombre season at the seashore, either resting from their gaiety or else substituting a new form of amusement for that which they had for the time given up.

Randolph, being of a very religious turn of mind, tried to be in daily attendance at church, and after the various services he frequently availed himself of the chance to walk home with Miss Lee. He had now, after a devotion of two winters, decided to bring to an issue an important phase of his life. He knew that he loved Virginia—not with the blind, ardent affection of a young boy but with the deep devotion of a man, knowing himself, one who had bat-

bled a little with the world, and could tell the difference between fascination and love.

Like many men, he had an ideal, and although it might seem a strange or extravagant one to his friends, he felt perfectly assured in his own mind, that if ever he married, it must be to some one nearly or quite realizing this visionary being.

In Virginia he thought he found this affinity, so step by step his admiration had turned to love, and love to a perfect devotion. Broken hearts he did not believe in, nevertheless, now he had decided to test the liking of Virginia for him, he felt that it would be a severe blow to be refused, and that it would take away a great incentive to achieve distinction of any kind. He knew, too, that Virginia, apart from her personal charms and accomplishments, her winning ways and graces, had a most lovely character, unselfish to a degree, and capable of the most tender affection for the one she loved, and who would, to the letter of the words: "Love, honour and obey."

So, resolved on his course, Randolph nerved himself for the ordeal, and one evening called on Virginia.

The little reception room never looked prettier. Several lamps shed their soft light around, and showed Ralph many of those little feminine

touches that undoubtedly do so much towards making a house a home.

As he sat waiting during those few moments that usually elapse, before the object of one's call enters—like an interlude to the culminating scene of a little play—he carelessly picked up a volume of verses from the table and opened it.

Was it chance that his eyes should fall on those beautiful lines of James Russell Lowell, entitled: "My Love?"

Randolph had just finished reading them, when there was a little rustle of the draperies, and the sound of a light step, and Virginia, dressed in an airy little evening gown, smilingly extended her hand to him, as she cordially exclaimed: "I am awfully glad to see you, Mr. Randolph. I am afraid, though, that you thought I was never to appear—I was so long in coming!"

"Oh! No! I was glancing over this little book as you came in, and I do not think you were a moment. By the way, have you ever read this little piece? I think, if I may say so, that these words really describe you perfectly!"

"Describe me, why lovely! Let me see them," (taking the book from him) "Oh! You mean that little piece of Lowell's. I know

it by heart, and you are awfully good to say so, Mr. Randolph, but I am sure I do not think I have much claim to be like the lovely being described. I wish you meant it all, though."

Then, as Ralph attempted to convince her, in rather glowing terms, of his sincerity, and of her likeness to Lowell's picture, blushing, she stopped him, saying: "I see you still like to pay pretty compliments, but I wish you wouldn't do so. Changing the subject, did you finish that book you were telling me about yesterday afternoon?"

Are not all tete-a-tete calls very much alike? Little scraps of sober and serious conversation, perhaps some pretty play of fancy, a little circulation of charming compliments, intermingled with a little fun, gossip and current small-talk—is not this such an evening's enjoyment?

This night it was certainly no exception to the rule.

Never had Virginia seemed more lovely or entertaining and as their talk drifted from one topic to another, Randolph sat and thought how he longed to win her. Several times he tried to lead up to the question that he wished to ask, but each time he felt that Virginia deftly, and with a woman's tact, turned the talk into another channel.

As the evening wore on, Randolph became more and more resolved not to leave without an answer, and finally by forcing the conversation, he found an opportunity to tell Virginia of "a little matter" on which he wished to ask her advice.

"You know," he began, "Some people seem to like to make me their confidant, and often I hear some very funny things. Well, I know of a man who met a very pretty girl some time ago, and for almost two years he studied and watched her, and tried to see as much of her as possible.

"Without any particular encouragement from her, at last he found himself desperately, devotedly, in love with her. He saw her again in the summer, when, although she was surrounded by other admirers, he saw much of her, and left the place only to find that his love had grown even stronger, if possible. What could he do? To go away from her forever, without telling his secret would be foolish and unmanly—to ask and be refused would be a terrible disappointment. Now, Miss Lee, I wish to ask you this: should a man, with nothing to offer but himself, and with the means of giving her a comfortable home, ask this girl to sacrifice herself for him——" he paused and looked at Virginia, who with



reddening cheeks, seemed to know what was coming, and then as she made no response, Randolph dropping his assumed coolness, as his whole soul seemed to go out to her whom he loved so dearly, continued in a lower voice as he pleaded: "Oh! Miss Lee, you know what I mean—you *must* know that I mean myself, and that I love you dearly! I love you, and have loved you all this long time, but have only kept back because of the knowledge of how little I could ever offer you. Cannot you love me, and tell me that you do so now a little, and will promise to marry me?"

It was out. He had "done the act," and now sat leaning forward, with an earnest, expectant, almost beseeching expression, to wait for her answer.

Did Virginia anticipate this, and had she ever thought of this man as a possible husband?

Yes, with that intuition that is the gift of nearly all women, she knew Randolph loved her and she had looked for his proposal, just as she had feared it.

Now, face to face with the question asked, she felt her resolution gone. She did love him; she had not been cold to his little attentions and devotion to her; she knew they were not prompted by mere selfishness, for though the

desire to use them to win a place in her regard may have existed, the chief object underlying them all, she saw was the wish to please her and add to her enjoyment.

All this had not passed for nothing, and besides, she admired his manliness and strong character.

She thought of no other man as she did of him, and had repeatedly pictured herself in just her present position, and had considered as to what to do.

Now, in the supreme moment, with a woman's perversity and inconsistency, she said what she did not mean, and turned away, a disappointed and despondent man, the one she loved.

"Mr. Randolph," she murmured, "You should not have told me this. I am awfully sorry. We have always been such good friends, and now you wish to change everything. Oh! Why must I answer this?" And then she longed to say "yes" but did not, and then she wished she could have escaped, or that something—anything—might happen to delay a final reply.

Does man, with all his boasted knowledge, ever thoroughly understand women? Perhaps not.

In this instance, Randolph, instead of gain-

ing courage and hope from the fact that Virginia hesitated, loses heart, and with his face growing pale, forces himself to say : " Miss Lee, Virginia—do you mean that this can never be, that I must go away ? Do let me hope ! I'll wait a day—a month—as long as you say, if only you tell me that in the end you will love me. Do not say 'No.' Let me wait !"

Virginia glanced at the large strong man, thinking how he must love her, and how sad he looked as he pleaded, but she shook her head and said, " No ! I cannot say so, Mr. Randolph. Please do not ask me. I am far more sorry than I can tell you."

Randolph hurriedly arose, seized her hand and muttering some words of farewell, walked to the hall. Virginia looked after him as he left, heard the sound of the closing door, even then hoping he would come back, and after sitting erect and expectant for a few moments, she buried her head in the sofa cushions, and burst into tears.

" Oh ! Why did he not know " she moaned. " Why did he have to ask if I love him. He should know I do, and now he is gone, thinking I do not. To turn him away, Oh ! What have I done ! Oh ! Ralph ! Why did you . . . not know . . . . better ? " So, one moment

blaming him, then lamenting her own fault, she sat there, miserable, wretched, unhappy.

Should she write to him, and ask him to come back, and tell him that it was entirely a mistake and a blunder all through? Or should she wait until he called again? Called again! Why, he probably would never call again, and possibly might avoid her when they met. Oh! she could never bear that, it would be so cruel, and so unlike him!

Could she blame him, when she had treated Ralph so cruelly? Another flood of tears, and then growing calmer, she arose, and went quietly to her own room.

Closing the door, she thought she would write, but her pride forbade her. She picked up a book, to see if she could forget, if but for a moment, but the words swam before her eyes.

In despair she threw herself on her bed, crying "Oh! Ralph, will you never come back? Don't mind what I said, only come back, and I'll tell you how I love you, and then we will be so happy. Oh! come back, Ralph, and forgive me!"

She arose, and going to a little Priex-Dieu, in one corner of the room, knelt there and tried to pray. And as she knelt and glanced at a small Crucifix on the wall, and thought of

what an agony was there represented, there suddenly flashed through her brain some words she had once read :

" Everywhere love hangs bleeding on the Crucifix."

Praying and sobbing, presently a calm comes over her, and utterly exhausted by the strength of her feelings, she falls asleep.

Late that night she awakened, restless and feverish. Going to her bed again, she sinks into a troubled slumber, that state of rest that Nature ever provides to comfort and relieve her weary children.

## CHAPTER III.

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### IN THE SHADOWS.

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"We watched her breathing through the night  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro."

THOMAS HOOD.

When on the following morning, Mrs. Lee entered her daughter's room, wondering at her non-appearance at breakfast, after having been repeatedly called, she found Virginia in a burning fever.

Her condition became so much worse as the day wore on, that shortly after the doctor's visit she became delirious.

Mrs. Lee was greatly disturbed. If there was one thing in the world that she particularly disliked, it was to have sickness in the house, and now that Virginia was very ill, and for all that she (Mrs. Lee) knew, perhaps in a very critical state, she was almost at her wit's end.

She loved her daughter devotedly, but she was of a very excitable temperament, and the

worrimment and anxiety caused by Virginia's illness, and the consequent disorder of her well-regulated household, made Mrs. Lee not only very nervous, but also very cross.

Old Doctor Smith, who had been called in, seemed to be utterly non-plussed by the case, but finally said it was brain-fever, probably brought on by some great mental strain or over-exertion. Virginia, for the greater part of the time delirious, raved continually, but her conversation—if such it could be called—was entirely unintelligible to her hearers.

Mrs. Lee was all devotion, when she found that her daughter was in for a long illness, and as day by day passed with no apparent improvement in her daughter's condition, she could hardly be persuaded to take any rest.

Doctor Smith frequently heard Virginia in her ravings, but if he had any suspicions, for awhile he kept them to himself.

Finally, however, when the patient appeared to be growing weaker and sinking instead of improving, the doctor, with a very grave face, drew Mrs. Lee aside.

"Mrs. Lee," he said, "It is not curiosity that makes me ask what I am now going to, and I hope you will understand my reasons, when I inquire if you know of any little love affair of your daughter."

"Love affair! Why, never that I heard about," promptly responded Mrs. Lee, and then adding more thoughtfully, "Unless it might have been Mr. Brown, whom she met at Bar Harbor, and who has been very attentive this winter—but no, I am sure she never cared for him."

"You are sure there was no one else, say some one she might know named *Ralph*?" persisted the doctor.

"Oh! You are thinking of Ralph Randolph! He has known Virginia for years, and has seen her at all times—in fact he is quite a friend of the family—" Suddenly she stopped, thought for a moment, and then said, as if trying to recall something: "It just flashed on my mind that on the night before my daughter became ill, Mr. Randolph called, and remained much later than usual. I never, for a moment, thought that there could be anything between them, but now I recall that Virginia went to her room that night without seeing me—a most unusual thing."

"My dear Mrs. Lee," said Dr. Smith, "It is just as I imagined. Your daughter has been continually talking of some one called Ralph, and asking for him. I do not, of course, know what may have occurred between them, but I do firmly believe, that to see him now would



bring Miss Lee around all right. If she does not see him, and there is no change for the better, in a short time, I fear we must prepare for the worst."

Mrs. Lee was startled, and a great dread crept over her at the doctor's words. At his urgent solicitation, she promised to send for Randolph.

Doctor Smith left, and she softly entered the sick-room.

As she stepped across the partially-darkened room, she noticed some large bunches of roses, sent to the invalid by some thoughtful friends, and became aware of their cool fragrance, as it filled the air.

Mrs. Lee placed her hand on the girl's forehead and stroked the waving brown hair from her face, now flushed with fever.

Virginia was sleeping, but her slumber was restless and disturbed, and every few moments she murmured some indistinct words. Mrs. Lee leaned over her, and presently made out something sounding like: "Oh! Ralph, Ralph! How could you leave me like this! It was all a mistake! Come back to me, come back to me!"

It was piteous to hear her, and Mrs. Lee was greatly distressed.

A few minutes later the servant who had

been sent to Randolph's returned and told Mrs. Lee that Randolph had left the city some time ago, and no one knew exactly where he was or when he would return. Poor Mrs. Lee! She remembered the doctor's words: "If she does not see him, and there is no change for the better in a short time, I fear we must prepare for the worst," and here she was, powerless to get Randolph.

As she rested in the rapidly darkening room, wrapt in her sad thoughts, she could hear the quick, irregular breathing of Virginia, and she felt that at each beat of the heart a life was slowly ebbing away, while she could but sit and wait and silently pray for mercy on her child.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### ABSENCE.

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" Since I did leave the presence of my love,  
Many long weary days I have outworn—"

EDMUND SPENCER.

Disappointed and despondent, Ralph walked from Virginia's house. Never in his life had he felt so blue or low-spirited.

At first he thought he would go home, then he decided to go to the club, but finally, instead of doing either, he walked on and on along the streets in a kind of blind reverie, until at last collecting his thoughts, he looked around to find himself in a strange part of the city.

Suddenly he was startled by a hurry of feet, the clang of bells, and then the rapid rush of the engines apprised him of a fire, and he mechanically followed the crowd, that even at that late hour of the night, the word "fire" had quickly collected.

In a few moments the blaze of a burning tenement house burst on his vision. In lurid tongues the flames darted up in the air, licking

the walls and windows, as if in fiendish joy, and sending showers of sparks on those below.

It was a bad fire. The house was old, rotten, and crowded with people, and although the brave firemen—who always seem to be heroes, and never wanting in courage or self-sacrifice—made stupendous efforts, their powers seemed as nothing.

There were still a number of people in the burning building, and at the moment that Randolph drew near, an attempt was being made to rescue them. A hearty shout went up from the crowd, as a fireman was seen at one of the upper windows, bearing a form in his arms. He called frantically for help, as the flames quickly drew nearer, and the dense clouds of smoke blinded him, so several persons quickly ascended the ladder. Before they reached him, with a sound like a cannon, the walls fell in, and an enormous volume of flame belched forth for a moment from the doomed building, and then began to die down, as if exhausted by its last terrible effort.

There was a groan from the crowd, but bravery was not yet over for that night, for in a few moments other firemen had pluckily mounted the scorching timbers, to try and save the body of their comrade.

When, shortly afterwards, they found it and bore it to the ground, a tremendous cheer arose, followed by another, when it was found that the man was still living.

As Randolph pressed forward, he heard the surgeon say : "Thank God, we can save his life, but he will lose his arm and leg."

"Poor Jim ! What hard luck he seems to have ! First he lost his wife two weeks ago, then his two children became very sick, and even now may not live, and now, poor fellow, he himself will be crippled for life !" exclaimed a fireman.

Randolph quickly took a bill from his pocket and placing it in the hands of the fireman who had just spoken, said : "Use it for Jim and his children," and then rapidly strode away.

As he retraced his steps, he thought what a large world this is. Only a few moments before, he had been entirely wrapped up in his own bitter disappointment, while here, in another part of the city, lives had perished in awful agony, and one man, whom he had just befriended, had been rendered a cripple for life ! What a bit of tragedy it was, and yet, if he had not been an eye-witness, and had merely read the account of the fire in the paper of the next morning, it would have caused him scarcely a thought.

And as he ruminated over these things, he made the resolution that he, at least, would try to live more in the lives of those around him, and if possible be the means of giving them some comfort in their misfortunes, or doing them some practical good.

Tired, worn and sad, he reached his bachelor quarters, and climbed the stairs to his rooms.

A man of less character or weaker stuff might have indulged in some reckless dissipation, but not so Randolph. Hard and bitter though his lot seemed, such an idea never crossed his mind, but he bore his disappointment like a *true* man.

He sat and thought for awhile, with his head bowed in his hands.

No! He was not the first man who had been a disappointed lover, and although there was small comfort in this, still there was some.

Finally, he resolved to cast aside his experience as best he could, and go forth into the world, and live and labor there, as many a man had done before him.

To remain at home, he felt he could not do, he must have some change to help him drive away his sad thoughts.

He remembered how he had enjoyed the wilderness of the Adirondacks, and although the

spring is not the best time there, he determined to start for the mountains at once, and see if hard work and tramping around would not bring him back to his usual cheerful frame of mind.

Quickly acting on this resolve, he wrote some letters to a few of his friends, telling them of his intention to leave town at once hurriedly and for an indefinite time, and then packing his traps together, he bade "farewell" to his rooms, and in the first train was speeding away to the "great north woods."

After reaching his destination in the very heart of the wilderness, he passed several days in going over some of the familiar trails, occasionally having a shot at some game, and in the evenings chatting with the few guides of the place.

On his third day there, he started with one guide for the Indian Pass.

The trail was a very difficult one, but he thoroughly enjoyed the hard work and appreciated the grandeur and wildness of the walk. Now they would push their way over a mass of slippery moss, luxuriant ferns and trailing roots; then they would pass around some giant boulder, half over-grown with vines, or they would have to crawl under fallen trees. Or perhaps, they would come to the

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banks of a mountain stream, which they would follow for a while, enjoying the musical gurgle and rush of its waters, and then leaving it, as the trail ascended to higher ground, they would come to some opening in the forest, from which they could look at some ravine below.

As they drew near the Pass, the ground steadily ascended, becoming rougher and steeper at every step, until it became very hard work to go forward.

At last, however, after some rough climbing, towards noon, they reached the head of Indian Pass, and going out on the famous Summit Rock, they threw themselves on the ground, and gazed in silence on the lovely sight.

On three sides of the giant rock on which they were, the descent was precipitous, going down abruptly to the Pass or defile below, a perfect maze of forest, fallen rocks and trees, and the debris of many a mountain storm. On one side of this, opposite the rock on which they reclined, was Wall-face Mountain, rising sheer up some thousands of feet, looking like a mighty sentinel over the pass.

In front of them lay a valley—one unbroken forest, without a sign of civilization, not a house, boat or sign of a fire, nor anything to show the existence of man—extending to a little lake in the far distance.



Clustered around this valley, were ranges of mountains, rising peak above peak, until the purple of the farthest ones blended in with soft colorings of the sky.

Randolph was truly in the midst of the wilderness!

Here, he thought, he was away from the world, from mankind, amid the wonders of nature.

Here was peace, here was rest, here was joy and contentment in the perfect silence that reigned.

No wordly sounds intruded here—man laboring at his work, the bustle, the noise, and the rush of the busy cities, the varied passions that move the possessors, to good or bad—no, all these were blotted out. And with the sense of utter isolation, came the sense of the Infinite. He felt the nearness of the Creator of those forests and those mountains. With the thought of the distance from man, came the appreciation of the nearness to God, and filled with these musings, a feeling of deep happiness came over him, and in silence he continued to gaze at the beautiful picture before his eyes. Presently, his feelings changed. His guide had fallen asleep in the sun, and complete silence still rested over all things. How would it seem to be always alone in

such a place, with no one to talk to, no one in whom to confide his joys or his sorrows—utter solitude! Ah! It was pleasant for a while, for a few weeks with some loved companion, to indulge in this rest and isolation, but for the whole of a life—no! It was wrong, one needed the companionship of others, he needed the society of man to bring out his noblest thoughts, to stimulate him to deeds of kindness, and love and heroism.

And as he thought this, it seemed as if the silence had suddenly become oppressive; as if the surrounding mountains were pressing in on him to crush him; as if the very forests were growing around him to cut off his escape forever.

Springing to his feet, he shook off this feeling—the result of his silent meditation—and calling his guide, with a parting look at the lovely picture, they turned homeward.

He now wished to leave the wilderness, and he could not be persuaded to remain longer.

Several days later he was speeding away on a train bound for the far west. By chance he met a friend on the cars, a man he had not seen for years, though he was formerly one of his college chums.

On graduating, Charlie Brown had immediately started west, and Randolph had lost

sight of him. He was now living on a large cattle ranch, which he had recently purchased.

It was not hard for Brown to persuade Randolph to go with him to his place, and when in Brown's comfortable bachelor house, surrounded by many mementos of their college life, existence did not seem utterly cheerless after all.

Far from any large town, with a few rough fellows and their families for neighbors, their life was of the most unconventional kind, and its perfect freedom was a great charm and attraction for Randolph. Brown was never at rest. One day he would take Ralph for a long gallop over the prairie, or show him how to herd cattle, or else tramp with him to the post office ten miles away, or go to a neighboring stream to swim.

This was most beneficial to Randolph, and he was soon in fine physical health, which kept him well mentally, and prevented him thinking too much of his disappointment.

Still, his friend noticed that he often seemed absent-minded and sometimes sad, but thinking it was none of his concern, he never asked Ralph about it, although he often wondered at the cause.

One night, after a long ride, they were sitting smoking, before a huge fire of logs in the

large fire-place. The wood crackled finely, the sparks flew up in golden showers, and the ruddy flames, flashing brightly forth, lighted the faces of the two old chums, who sat and gazed contentedly at the blaze.

As the smoke of their pipes curled in little clouds around their heads, Randolph and Brown, happy in that pleasant fatigue resultant from hard exercise, began to talk in the confidential fashion of their college life, and repeatedly laughed quietly at the relation of some half-forgotten joke, or at some jolly remembrance of friends long since drifted apart.

Finally Ralph mentioned hearing a rumor some years back, of Charlie having been very devoted to a certain girl one winter. He said he had never heard of it since, so he had come to the conclusion it was merely a joke on his bachelor life, but now he thought he would ask him.

Charlie Brown was silent for a few moments, and then with a queer, droll look on his face, said: "Well, old man, I thought that my friends had forgotten that story long ago. It often makes me laugh to think of it, and how nearly I came to making a fool of myself—that is, a worse fool than I did, for that was bad enough. You see that I am not a deep or a romantic fellow, and I am not usually very

much impressed by the arts and winning ways of the fair ones, but this time I was fairly taken in and done up "brown." If you would like to hear the story, I will tell you it the best I can, but remember I am not much at relating such tales."

"I should enjoy hearing it very much, if it is not a tender point," said Randolph.

"Tender point! Bless you, no! There is no tender point about it. The only thing I fear is that you will think me an awful fool. But, anyway, we can laugh over it. Fill your pipe again, old chap, and brace yourself 'to listen to my tale of woe.'"

## CHAPTER V.

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### BEWARE THE CHARMER.

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" I know a maiden fair to see ;  
Take care !  
She can both false and friendly be  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not  
She is fooling thee ! "

Translation by LONGFELLOW.

" The first part of what I am going to tell you, is rather sad, " began Brown, " and is very different from what happened to me, which really is almost ridiculous. Perhaps you know how I am continually meeting all kinds of people, good, bad and indifferent, and how it is one of my delights to get to know them well, and as it were, to study human nature in their characters.

Well, one summer, I had occasion to remain during most of the hot spell in New York, and while it was necessary for me to be there, I had often much time to myself, and sometimes found the hours drag frightfully.

One day, when I was aimlessly walking along the street, whom should I meet but old

Rennels—remember him? He was always a bright fellow, and at college had carried off a good many honors, as well as being very successful in athletics.

He was a popular fellow, too, and I remember how some of the class seemed to think it such a pity when he made up his mind to enter the Church. Of course, to you, Ralph, this is about the finest thing a man could do, but the fellows didn't think so.

From that day until the time I met him on the street, I had never seen him—almost seven years I think—and not being much of a Christian myself, I confess I did not keep myself posted as to the new men in the Church, and had consequently heard nothing of Rennels. I was really very glad to see him, for he was always a pleasant sort of a chap, and then I thought I might have some fun chaffing him. He said that he was bound for his rooms, and asked me to go with him, which I very gladly did.

On the way, he told me a little of his life for the past few years.

On being admitted to Holy Orders he had taken charge of a mission church, to stay there until he obtained a better parish. This mission was in the worst quarter of the city, and Rennels had to work amongst the poor, the dirty

and the wretched, day after day, spending almost his entire time in their midst.

He said at first it was very tough and discouraging work, but that he felt it to be his duty, and on that account was contented.

The wretched lot of these poor people so impressed him, that he said, after the first few months he determined to sacrifice any chance of distinction or preferment that he might obtain from having a rich parish, and instead, to devote his entire life in this field.

Rennels's rooms were up on the third floor of a shabby, but clean-looking building near the poorest section of the town.

I can see it now. The room in which we seated ourselves was small, containing only a table, a sofa, some chairs and book-cases, all of the simplest kind. The cases were filled with books, not only on theology, but on all subjects, for Rennels was always a great reader.

Scattered around the room were a few old college trophies, but the room was very bare-looking. On one wall was a large Crucifix, and over the fire-place was a large photograph of the old college grounds, and below it a small likeness of a girl's head. The other walls were utterly bare.

Rennels would suit your views, Randolph, for he is what I term an extreme churchman,



very high, and like you he calls himself a Catholic, and talks of the schisms of Protestants, and the errors of Rome.

As he sat in his chair, with his cleanly cut features, smoothly shaven face, and his severe clerical dress, he reminded me of some priest of the olden days sitting in his cell.

He spoke of his work, and told me of how happy he felt in having given up all idea of a rich parish and church honors, for which he said there were plenty of candidates, but comparatively few for the work among the very poor. Then he told me of his many disappointments and discouragements in trying to raise these people—all of which was related in the most modest manner—and as I listened to him, I thought that he would have been just such stuff as the early martyrs were made of.

But now I'll let you know why I have told you so much about him, and I am sure you will agree with me that Rennels is certainly a noble fellow. You may remember, a few moments ago, that I mentioned a picture of a girl's head that hung under the photograph of his college.

It was that of a young girl, probably eighteen or nineteen years old, very pretty but evidently very self-willed, and much of a flirt.

Feeling interested in it, not only from due regard to the fair sex, but because it was the

only picture of the kind in the room, I asked Rennels about it. His face for a moment clouded over, and I felt sorry that I had asked him the question, but he reassured me by telling me that he had met her shortly after he had left college.

She had greatly fascinated him, and he became very devoted to her. She seemed to encourage him, and after he had commenced his work in his mission parish, she appeared to be much interested in what he was doing.

One night, very weary and tired, for he had spent most of the day visiting some sick persons, he called on her. In their talk, he happened to tell her where he had been, and on doing so, he was startled to see the look of fear and disgust that crossed her face, as she said: "Do you mean to say that you have been to see a fever patient, and that a poor dirty person living in a filthy court, and then come to call on me!"

Poor Rennels was dreadfully surprised and hurt, but he did not plead any excuse, merely saying that what he had done was his duty, and that he was very sorry that she did not wish to see him.

What else was said, Rennels did not tell me, except that he had then and there explained to her what he had meant by his

continued calling on her. She told him that she liked him very much, but would never consent to marry him, unless he would promise to obtain what she termed "a respectable parish," and stop going about with the poor and the dirty.

It must have been a great temptation and trial for Rennels, but he stood to his colors, and told her that he could not give up what he felt to be his duty, and then they parted forever, she to go out in the gay world, he to return to his work in the slums, more firmly resolved to devote himself heart and soul to his Mission there.

When he told me of what a trial it was, and followed with a loving forgiveness to and apology for the girl so unworthy of him, his face lighted up so beautifully at the account of his self-sacrifice—which, however, he never seemed to consider—that he looked to me like a saint or angel. I have never seen him since.

Now for my experience: a few weeks afterwards, I was at a garden party, and among other people I met a Miss Mason. She was a very pretty blonde, with dark eyes, very lively and vivacious, and as I then thought, about the jolliest girl I had ever met. On a few moments acquaintance we seemed to know each other well, and when, after a long walk

about the grounds, we parted, I had obtained permission to call on her, she having granted it in a most bewitching way. I met her father and mother too, and they seemed charming persons.

One call succeeded another, and before many weeks I was, as they say, 'very badly gone.'

That fall they went abroad, and having nothing better to do, and being rather flush of funds, I followed them, and managed to meet Miss Mason and her family in Paris and Venice.

Sightseeing and the opera in Paris, and many a moonlight trip over the canals of Venice with the Masons, only served to make me more "spoony" over Miss Mason, and I have no doubt at times I was very silly. Then back again to America, where the climax of my foolishness was reached at Bar Harbor.

She certainly seemed to like me, and encouraged me in every way to continue my attentions.

One day I took Miss Mason out paddling, and everything seemed to go wrong. You know that I am not much of a canoeist, and on this day, at every stroke, I sprinkled Miss Mason with salt water, wetting her dress. Of course, I would ask her pardon, and she would say that it didn't really matter, but I saw that it did and that she did not like it.

Then we landed on one of the islands and I left the canoe, safely beached, as I thought.

After a pleasant walk, we returned to our landing place and looked for the canoe. There, almost a quarter of a mile from shore, it was, drifting farther away every moment, on the ebb tide.

What should I do? Miss Mason said I must swim for it, which I refused to do. Then she told me that I was no man, but a coward, and I replied that perhaps she was right, but that all the same I preferred being imprisoned on an island to drowning a few feet from shore. Then she became angry and I never wish to see another girl in a rage!

Such sarcasm as I endured I hope never to hear again. I became angry and rude myself, upon which Miss Mason began to cry and I felt like an utter fool.

The afternoon slowly passed and yet there we were still on the island. Usually boats and canoes are constantly passing, but on this occasion not one appeared. Miss Mason refused to talk, so that it was a frightfully dull time.

When almost dark, I saw a fisherman's dory rounding the point, to go to the lobster traps near by, and hailing him, he came and took us to the shore.

For several days after that I did not see Miss Mason, but was well-nigh driven distracted by the jokes at my expense, made by my good-natured friends over the canoe episode. Finally I did see her, and somehow or other we patched up a peace, and matters went on pretty much as before.

Shortly after that, we had the usual tournament at Bar Harbor, and unintentionally I gave Miss Mason the impression that I was quite skillful at that sort of thing—anyway, when the day came, she made a number of bets (she is not very particular about such things) on what I would do, and unfortunately for her and me, she lost them all.

That was bad enough, but when in the evening, at a dance that was given in honor of the event, I upset a glass of champagne over her gown, it was awful! It happened on the porch, where we had been having a cozy little *tete-a-tete*.

We could hear the soft notes of the waltz coming from the ball-room, rather faint and indistinct but all the more entrancing on that account. When supper came, we decided to remain outside. As I brought her the champagne, and went to hand it to her, some one passing accidentally touched my arm, and away went the glass.

The man apologised and disappeared, while I stammered out some words to the effect that I was so very sorry, for I loved her so much, and so on. You should have heard her laugh ! Her laughing, however, drove my sentiment all away and in the most matter-of-fact manner, I told her that since I had made so many mistakes, why should she not make a mistake in her turn, and take me 'for better or worse !'

'And so,' she replied 'the last state would be worse than the first. No ! Mr. Brown, I could never love a man who spoils one's nice gowns with salt water and then with champagne, who loses canoes and makes a sight of himself in a tournament. Do not ever mention this subject again. I am very sorry, but I tell you frankly you are not my style, and are not in it.'

Oh ! How I then hated slang !

I left Bar Harbor, vowing that if I ever made a similar fool of myself, my friends should be welcome to all of the fun they could get from it. It was not until then that I made a strange discovery, and now I cannot possibly understand why I did not find it out before.

This girl—Miss Mason—silly, frivolous and coquettish, but very pretty as she is, was the very one who so fascinated Rennels, and while

affecting to be so much interested in him, had finally sneered at his work among the poor.

I can see the infatuation for a happy-go-lucky chap like myself, but for Rennels, with his deep and sober ideas, it seems hard to explain. I have never seen Miss Mason since, but I firmly believe that whether she ever really liked Rennels, that with me, she was simply playing from the first.

Well, old man, we fellows will sometimes be fools, and I am neither the first nor the last. There is one sure thing to my mind, however, and that is that a bachelor's life is the one for me and that I am a most fortunate fellow to have escaped the fair charmer's clutches."



## CHAPTER VI.

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### LOVE TO THE RESCUE.

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" Not from the whole wide world I choose thee,  
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea !  
The wide, wide world could not enclose thee,  
For thou art the whole wide world to me ! "

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Randolph watched Brown for a few moments before he spoke. Then he said, smiling : " It is indeed a queer sort of a story, Charlie, and I think you tell it in a very funny way, but may I say it—I fear, old man, that you think more of it than you wish to have me know, and that it was really a sad blow to you. Am I not right ? "

Charlie picked up a pair of immense tongs, and poked the logs with them, and then said : " It hurt me, old fellow, a little, but that is all past, and now I laugh at it all. My little spark of romance (you see I have some after all) sometimes makes me think of what might have been, if I had had that experience, or part of it rather, with a different kind of a girl. But, changing the subject, do you

remember old Smith, who used to row in the crew at college? He is now a doctor—one of those persons you Eastern fellows have to kill you off! To-day I received a long letter from him, in which he tells me how much he loves his profession. I wonder what made him enter college so late! He was only two classes ahead of us, and yet he must be many years older. I think he must be in love now—the dear old fellow—for he writes that he is very much worried about some girl, who is dangerously ill with brain fever or something. Ever meet her out, Ralph, or hear of her, Virginia Lee—Why! What the deuce ails you?”

“VIRGINIA LEE! exclaimed Randolph, but his voice sounded hollow and hoarse: “Quick, is she really dying? Tell me again what Smith said!”

“Good gracious, man, what the thunder is the matter. I tell you of a girl, and you look as if you saw a ghost! Are you in love with her?”

Ralph did not answer, but sat with his face hidden in his hands.

Brown hardly knew what to do; he repeated what the doctor had written, and then in his kind, rough way tried to make out that it must be a joke, a mistake, the wrong name.

Presently, Randolph, raising his head, said he must leave at once, and go East without the loss of a moment. Brown did not know what to make of it, and inwardly blamed himself for the whole trouble ; he tried to dissuade Ralph from leaving, but nothing that he could say, could change him in his determination.

A few days afterwards, the long Western express drew up in the depot, and among the first to leap hurriedly from the train was Randolph.

No one ever knew what that ride homeward had been to him—he could not force himself to speak of it.

The long hours seemed to drag as ages, as he sat alone, buried in his thoughts. He blamed himself for ever having left Virginia, for his stupidity in accepting a girl's "No" as final, and all the time the terrible fear oppressed him that he might reach the city too late, that he might never again hear her voice in welcome or see her alive.

Then, as if in review, the many little passages in their life seemed to pass before his eyes. He saw Virginia at her own tea, making her debut in society, dressed in white, and holding branches of red roses that vied with her own cheeks in their lovely coloring ; he saw her at dinners and balls, dignified, gracious and charming in dance or in conversation,

exemplifying the fact that a girl of fine character can go out in the world, and instead of being spoiled and ruined by the shallowness and frivolity of society, may move as a model to elevate it; he saw Virginia in her church and guild work, and in her labors of love among the poor, to whom she seemed to bring gladness and sunshine; and as he thought of all her goodness and true womanliness, his heart ached within him, to think that perhaps his hurried departure might be the means of ending her life and ruining his.

With the greatest anxiety he approached Mrs. Lee's house. As he drew near, he noticed the tan spread on the street in front, and he gained courage from the sight of the wide open shutters, with the sun shining brightly on the windows.

On ringing the bell, the servant who answered, said that Miss Lee was no better, but was certainly no worse. "She is not delirious now, sir, but they say she is becoming weaker," and the tears stood in the faithful old fellow's eyes.

Ralph was ushered into the parlor, and as he waited the coming of Mrs. Lee, like a flash the remembrance of his last visit there and all of the events of the past few months passed before his mind, and perhaps no one ever

regretted a hasty action more than he did that of his.

Presently Mrs. Lee entered, looking rather worn and thin from her worriment and nursing. She greeted Randolph most cordially, but had only been talking to him a few moments when Doctor Smith came in, and insisted on having Randolph admitted at once to see the sick girl.

It was with the feeling of entering some sacred place, that Randolph stepped into her room, where Virginia was lying in bed propped up by pillows.

No one ever knew exactly what was said, and perhaps the lovers themselves were hardly aware of all that was spoken, or rather whispered, in the silence of the sick-room.

All of Virginia's girlish coldness and maidenly reserve had departed, and with the tears rolling down her cheeks, she allowed Randolph to clasp her in his strong arms, while she murmured amid her sobs: "Oh! Ralph! You do not know—you never will—how I have longed to see you, and how glad I am at last to know that you are here and have forgiven me for sending you away as I did!"

She would hardly let him go, but the doctor finally insisted on having his way, and wearied from her excitement, weakness and joy at

again seeing Randolph, she fell into a long restful sleep.

From that moment her recovery was very rapid, and in a few weeks she was able to go out, and then succeeded a time of almost perfect happiness.

There was to be no long engagement or delay, and in a few weeks more they were to be made man and wife. Randolph and Virginia were consequently much together, happy in seeing so much of each other, and happy in that absorbing occupation of furnishing the little house they were to occupy, and in arranging the many little details of their wedding, which was to take place in the church they both were so fond of, with all the solemn ritual and ceremony of the "Episcopal" Church.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### O DULCIS AMOR!

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"Nothing is sweeter than love ; nothing  
Stronger, nothing higher, nothing  
Broader, nothing more pleasant,  
Nothing fuller or better in heaven  
And in earth ; for love is born of  
God, and can rest only in God, above  
All things created."

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

One lovely afternoon in spring, when but a few more days remained of their engagement, Randolph and Virginia went for a long walk along the shady lanes of the neighboring country.

Well it is said by the poet that spring is the time when young man's (and young woman's too) "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," for it seems teeming with love, and all nature as well as mankind appears to feel it.

It is the time when enchantment seems to lurk in the very air ; when spirits and fairies weave their spells ; when the earth puts forth her greatest charms as if to show that it is love which is the cause and which controls everything.

The lovers on this fair afternoon seemed to feel this influence as never before. The trees already laden with fragrant blossoms sighed in the gentle breeze—soft whispers of love; the air was heavy with the rich perfume of the flowers growing so plentifully around—their fragrance seeming sweet-smelling incense at love's altars; each bud and blossom, each branch and twig seemed to caress each other, as they nodded in the breeze and strove to display their charms; each bird seemed warbling its tenderest lay of love and happiness; the very insects seemed to hum with supreme joy and contentment, for truly all nature was breathing the music of love.

For awhile Randolph and Virginia walked in silence, gazing at the beautiful things that God, through nature, had spread on every side, and they gave themselves up to those blissful dreamy thoughts that never are so sweet as when the thinker is filled with the devotion of an unselfish love and the mental picture of an ideal life.

Choosing some pretty, half-hidden spot, formed by a little clump of shrubbery, they seated themselves where, unseen by the chance passers-by, they could enjoy the beautiful scene, as the Italians say, "*Dolce far niente*" (happy doing nothing).



Ralph plucked a rose from a bush growing near, and picking it to pieces petal by petal, leaf by leaf, said to Virginia: "It seems to me that life is often an existence of misunderstandings and mistakes. Here, for instance we are—you and I—now happy in the thought of our love for each other, which we feel assured of, while we rejoice in the perfect knowledge and understanding that we have of one another, and yet scarcely two months ago, you were lingering at the point of death, brought on by worry and disappointment, and I was living a miserable existence in the far West—all because of a mistake. Was it not silly that this ever should have happened? Aware of a man's love and admiration for her, and knowing that in her heart to some degree she returned it, why should not a girl gracefully surrender and admit all of this, instead of feigning surprise and coldness, and finally even refusing the man of her heart?" and saying this, Ralph gave a sharp dig at the ground with his foot, as if the recollection of past misunderstandings still annoyed him.

Virginia turned to him with one of her most winning smiles, and with a pretty arch expression she said, as she lovingly looked into his eyes: "Ralph, dear, like all of your sex, you look at things entirely from a man's point of

view. You forget a girl's training. It would never do for her to show her feelings, for she might be mistaken, or even if right in what she thinks, even then it is sometimes necessary for her to conceal her love, and almost to dissemble.

Then too, often when she is asked the question at last, she may be taken unawares, or may be too frightened to know what to say, or may for the moment feel that it is impossible for her *then* to give herself to the man who asks.

Just as the sea, that combination of contrary purposes, sometimes beats and thunders against the shore it often loves to caress.

But, Ralph, let us forget, and look forward to our future life here, with anticipations as bright as this lovely scene. And we will never have any more misunderstandings, will we Ralph, but will try and be happy, no matter what may be in store for us?

They say that true happiness only comes out of suffering, and that which I may have caused us both, even Nature seems to know that you forgive, Ralph, for look, she now is smiling at LOVE VICTORIOUS."

## A ROMANCE OF EDEN.

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**F**AR up on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean where the sea makes a big sweep inland, and there chafes and frets as it beats against the mass of solid rock that holds it in check, is the town of Eden.

Now dignified by a far better known name, and in the summer flooded with the fashionable society of the cities, it was once a quiet, simple village where life passed in calm uneventfulness. With its modest white houses overlooking the bay, dotted with many islands whose rocky sides contrasted with the bristly pine trees that densely covered their crests ; with the superb view of the distant mainland, sweeping in one grand curve about the blue waters of the bay, and with the purplish mountains fading away in the clouds, the town might well be called Eden.

On clear afternoons the villagers used to stroll out on the walk along the cliffs, and there watch the incoming tides and listen to the

murmur of the sea, loving in their way its soft music.

Among these villagers, mostly carpenters and sailors and fishermen, was an old gray-haired man, chiefly noted for being the self-appointed guardian of a man and a girl, both slightly over the twenties.

A certain mystery surrounded these two, and all that the villagers could ever learn was that they were waifs from the wreck of a ship that went ashore there years ago. The boy had been named Raleigh, the name of the lost ship; the girl Virginia, the place from which the ship hailed.

Living in such a beautiful spot their minds and ideals were singularly high, for the sea is said to inspire noble aspirations in all.

Their adopted father, if such he might be called, was rich, as things went in Eden, and these two had everything the heart could desire, and having little to employ their time, were wont to pass hours together in wandering over the island, revelling in its beauty, building air-castles, and dreaming visions of what they should do some day in the wide world about them.

They were generally accounted to be lovers, and their constant companionship excited no comment in a village, where society was

limited, and where gossip was kindly, and people bothered little about others.

Sometimes they speculated as to whom they were, and how they came to be on the same ship, but as they had no clue, their wondering resulted in nothing. But Raleigh, deep down in his heart determined to find out, and as he longed to travel South, he decided if he ever did so, to try and discover their origin.

Virginia was a girl of considerable depth, and she had very marked ideas as to what a girl's life should be, but these principally consisted in accepting the ordinary routine of every day, and doing little acts of goodness and unselfishness that brighten the lives of others, and show all how a really fine girl could better and elevate the people about her.

Raleigh, on the other hand, was ambitious. He wished to make a name for himself, and be talked about and praised for his ability or talents, and he knew this could never be brought about in the quiet little town of Eden.

So when their self-appointed guardian died, he determined to go for a trip to the South, Virginia having gone to live with an aunt of their deceased guardian. She tried to dissuade Raleigh but without avail, and one day he started on his long-thought-over trip, in his little schooner manned by two of his friends.

For awhile everything seemed to smile upon Raleigh, for the weather was delightful, and the winds that carried his little schooner southward, seemed to be whispering to him, what a great man he would be some day.

Day by day they sailed on, continually being passed by steamers and vessels they might have taken, but Raleigh preferred his little boat, which too seemed to savour more of adventure and romance. The coast that he was passing was at this time, for it was many years ago, comparatively unsettled, and with its stern barrier of rocks offered a most inhospitable landing place.

But he was not destined to reach the big cities of Boston or New York, of which he had so often read, for one night when near a most bleak, dreary, but sandy shore, they were overtaken by a frightful gale.

Raleigh was at the tiller at the time, but so suddenly did the storm come, that in an instant the water was raging about them, and an enormous wave had come upon and had swamped their little boat.

Raleigh was carried away from the wreck, and gave himself up for lost, as with the waters thundering in his ears he lost consciousness. He never knew how he reached the shore, which was near, but when he came to, he found he

was on a little beach of sand, hemmed in from the interior by giant rocks or dense forests. The sun was shining brightly, so he decided to explore the neighboring cliffs.

Climbing one, he saw to his consternation that he was on an uninhabited portion of the mainland, where there was not a sign of a house, boat or other mark of civilization or man—nothing but rocks in front of him and a gloomy forest at his back.

So here then was an end to his dreams ! Here he was, still alive, to be sure, but utterly helpless, on a barren shore, with a wilderness of trees behind him !

Some men would have been appalled at the outlook, but not so Raleigh, for he was a brave fellow, and instead of giving away to puerile or useless regrets at his fate, he pluckily started to see what could be done.

Fortunately some things had drifted ashore. He found a knife, such as sailors use, and strange to say a gun and cartridges in a leather case, still dry inside.

He decided to waste no time, but take his bearings as well as he could, strike south through the forest, in a direction he knew towns must be.

He had not gone far, however, before he reached a deep crevice or cañon in the rock,

which cut off all passage that way, so there was no help for it, but to make a circuit around.

That night he had to camp for the night, hungry, for he had nothing to eat but a few crackers in his pocket. The loneliness of the forest awed him, and the doleful sighing of the wind made it anything but a pleasant place in which to be. He was almost afraid to go to sleep, so he thought he would try to rest until daybreak by leaning his tired body against a tree, and with gun at his side keep watch.

In those early days these woods of the Maine coast were still the haunts of the wild beasts, and bears constantly prowled about.

Tired, weary, lonely, Raleigh sat there, but harder and harder did he find it to keep awake, and heavier and heavier did his eyes feel, until at last, nature asserted her rule, and Raleigh slept.

Presently his body stirred uneasily, and he awoke, and looked vaguely around, only to see two fiery eyes of some creature that was crawling towards him, and was already almost in the act of springing. Snatching his gun, he pulled the trigger as the creature flung itself at him. A snarl and a cry of pain, and a large wild-cat lay writhing on the ground at his feet. A well directed blow of his gun-stock killed it, but there was no more sleep for that night.



With ears alive to the faintest sound, he sat and listened to the various murmurs and noises of the neighboring forest, and thought of Eden and Virginia, and cursed his folly at leaving, until the dawn began to brighten the sky.

Again was he on his way, but it was many days before he found his way to a settlement, where at last a strange surprise awaited him. As Raleigh gained a little fishing village and told his story, an old, very distinguished-looking man approached.

He looked at Raleigh critically and then suddenly became excited and turning on him, inquired how he came by that compass he wore at his chain.

"It was about my neck when I was saved from a wreck years ago," answered Raleigh wonderingly.

"Saved from a wreck! Do you mean the Raleigh?" asked the old gentleman still more excitedly.

"Yes, do you know of her?" said Raleigh, beginning to feel a slight interest in the queer old fellow.

"Know of her! *Know of her!* Why boy, I sailed for years on her, and only left her here on her last trip when she came in here for a few hours. The captain who owned that compass was my best friend. I often sailed as

a passenger until the ship was lost and my boy was drowned ! ”

The villagers here looked sympathizingly at the old man. Could here be the unravelment of the mystery of his birth, thought Raleigh ? He looked at the white locks of the old man, his neat dress, and queer appearance, but withal he had the unmistakable air of a gentleman.

“ Tell me about it, sir, will you, and then I will tell you what I know of the wreck. ”

The story was soon told : how the old gentleman, John Wentworth, had owned the ship, and how he had sailed with his little son in her over and over again. How on the last trip, he had been ill and had landed at the little fishing village, and had allowed his beautiful little girl and his son with the captain go without him, after first giving the captain his little watch-chain compass. Then the ship had been wrecked and he had understood all had been drowned, and heart-broken, he had never left the little fishing village, but there had lived and waited, hoping that some day he would hear that the news was untrue and that his boy was alive !

Raleigh listened, hardly able to conceal his excitement, for here, beyond a doubt, was his own father !

He in his turn told his story, the old gentle-

man wild with joy and young again with happiness.

At the conclusion, old Mr. Wentworth clasped Raleigh by the hand and hugged him and did many a foolish but natural act of affection, crying: "My boy, my own boy! I knew you couldn't be dead. We'll go back to Eden, and take our money there, and we'll marry Virginia at once!"

(A stranger might have thought from his remark, he as well as Raleigh meant to marry Virginia!)

Nothing would do but they must start at once—he would not listen for a moment to Raleigh going to the big city south, to seek a name for himself, and truth to say, Raleigh was not now very anxious to do so.

He was proud of the old gentleman, his newly-found father, and he wished Virginia to know the happy news.

In a little boat they started. Soon the bold cliffs of this Mount Desert Island rose on their sight, and never did the view bring greater joy than it did to Raleigh. So impatient were they that they could hardly wait for the boat to reach their haven, Eden, but longed for wings to fly thither.

Like a little bird, the boat bravely breasted the swells of the broad Atlantic, darting over the waves, every instant getting nearer home.

But bad fortune seemed to await them, for down came the rushing, angry clouds from the mountain, and as the wind freshened, was soon blowing a fierce gale. Darkness fell upon the scene, and all was black save when vivid flashes of lightning darted across the sky.

How the wind howled and stormed. The poor old gentleman cowered and prayed in the cabin, while Raleigh stood at the tiller, bewailing his foolishness in having left Eden. The winds seemed to speak to him: "Never, never will you see Eden again."

Suddenly a sharp snap, as of breaking wood, and away went the mast, blown clean away by the wind. Raleigh's courage left him, for he felt that all was up, but never for a moment did he lose his presence of mind or relinquish his hold of the tiller, trying to steer. He feared the boat, now sail-less, would be filled by the incoming waves, and he knew he was near the rocks. If he could but pass those, they would have a chance, for they must be near the town.

Fizz——! What was that? Ah! a rocket, another one, and then by the bright light cast by its flight, he saw for a moment a little group on the shore ahead, where there was a sandy beach, and in the front a young girl, bravely holding a rocket in her hand.

Yes, there was Virginia, doing as brave a thing as is done in the wide world, doing her best to light the way for some chance mariner on the stormy ocean that night.

Again and again a rocket pierced the gloom, and a hearty shout went up when the boat was seen laboring in the waters near by, and then being caught in the surf went like an arrow straight for the shore. An enormous billow broke on them, and Mr. Wentworth and Raleigh were struggling in the water, but in a moment willing hands had them safe on land, and safe in Eden.

They had seen the boat coming and without knowing who was in it, Virginia had saved her lover and his father.

\* \* \* \* \*

One evening a few days later, Virginia and Raleigh, happy once more in being together, stood watching the sea, from the rocky cliffs about Eden.

Raleigh had been complaining of his hard fortune, and his abandonment of all his plans for greatness, and Virginia trying to comfort him, was urging the things he could do there at home. "For Raleigh," said she softly, "merely to distinguish yourself will not bring happiness. This is a big world, and in it there are countless ways of being of use. It

seems to me the truest life is to seize opportunities as they offer themselves. Now that we are together once more and are to be married next month, why can we not do our part and be happy as can be, in working for the pleasure of our neighbors and friends, and trying by example and advice to raise, better and brighten the many lives about us.

Then we do our duty, and perhaps in the long run we win more happiness and true distinction than by many a soul-stirring deed that the world talks about. So let us be happy in each other and in your dear father, and now my father too."

And as they stood there, Raleigh weighing these beautiful suggestions and noble thoughts, they together listened to the murmur of the sea, which as frequently caresses as it rages and storms against us, and now it seemed to whisper to Raleigh that Virginia was right and that true happiness lay there.

## THE LAKE OF THE BROKEN HEART.

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**F**AR up among the Adirondacks, miles away from the centres of civilization, and still some distance from the roads that have recently been cut through this region, is a vast tract of forest land extending from the giant peaks of Marcy and McIntyre, way down to the lakes Colden and Avalanche, and around to Indian Pass.

To enter this tract is to leave civilization behind, to exchange the society of man for solitude, to turn one's back on the results of man's labor and revel in the rare beauty of the wilderness. Deep ravines, mossy trails and wooded heights are varied by the sparkling little ponds or the larger bodies of water of the lakes.

To go through the forest is a rare treat to the tired dweller in the city. The forest damp cools one's face, the pines are sweetly fragrant, the wind sighs musically through the trees, while the soft ground of fallen leaves, or moss

or feathery fern gives scarcely a sound as you walk over it.

And over and over again, as you push through the forest, where it is often as wild and untouched as when the red man roamed at large there, you hear the sound of running water, cool and refreshing.

It is a rest to go to these parts—that is a rest for the mind, for Nature here soothes and calms. Whether climbing the mountains, or paddling over the lakes, or roaming through the woods, there are few more beautiful places.

Deep amidst the densest part of the forest lies a little lake, lovely in its calm repose, restful in its sombre beauty, as it glistens there surrounded by a fringe of trees, above which mountain peaks rise like a circle of giants.

Years ago a party of enthusiastic climbers forced their way among these mountains, and day by day revelled in the climbs and views they afforded.

They were a jolly crowd too, all off for the good time and the benefit a stay in the woods brings, and one and all were good walkers, from old Mr. and Mrs. King to their two daughters, with a cousin of theirs and his friend Remington.

Remington was very devoted to one of those girls, Dorothy, and as all conventionality and



formality is usually dispensed with in this region, day by day they wandered off alone, ever making new discoveries of the beautiful.

One day they had climbed the toilsome ascent of one of the highest peaks and after their hard work were resting on its summit. Below them lay a glorious panorama of river, lake, wood and mountain, a wilderness beautiful and sublime. Silently they sat and revelled in the view, until presently Dorothy arose, and walking to the edge of the cliff, looked over, and suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, calling Remington to her side. Looking down in the direction to which she pointed, he saw a tiny lake, its surface lightly stirred by the wind, seeming like an expanse of beaten silver, but it was its shape that surprised as well as charmed them. It was that of a perfect *heart*, save that at one end its outlet spoiled the regularity. The mountains looked benignly down on it; the trees rustled around it; the rocky gorges looked beautiful in the light.

"What a place for life and love," said Remington. "Let us name it the Lake of the Heart at Rest."

"No," replied she jestingly, "let us call it the *Broken Heart*, for see, the outlet looks like a cleft, and the tiny stream as if bleeding."

Was it folly, was it morbid sentiment that as Remington heard her laughing reply, an unaccountable fear seized him, and he shuddered? It seemed to bode misfortune.

By and by they descended the peak and the beautiful sight was hidden from their eyes.

They reached their camp late in the afternoon full of their discovery, and for hours afterward talked of it.

The days flew. The autumn drew near and presently the camp had to be broken up and they had to return to the city; but not before Remington had asked Dorothy a very pertinent question! She said "Yes," her parents said "No," and as "true love" sometimes does not "run smooth" the engagement was denied him. Yet, nevertheless, both hoped it might finally have been brought about.

Dorothy grew more and more despondent and to try and rid her of Remington's memory and give her a change of scene, her parents took her for a trip West, stopping at Niagara. She enjoyed the sight of this grandest handiwork of nature, but while they were standing beside the Whirlpool Rapids, whether by accident or mad impulse, Dorothy slipped, and in a moment was in that wild, roaring, angry foam of waters!

\* \* \* \* \*

98 THE LAKE OF THE BROKEN HEART.

Remington was a man, a strong man, but who could philosophically bear such a shock. Months rolled on, he was a changed man, but each day an uncontrollable desire became stronger and stronger to seek out again the wilderness and find the little lake—the lake they named “The Broken Heart,” and there abide for the rest of his life.

With pack on back, gun in hand, with his faithful old dog “Sport,” he reached the wilderness and plunged into the forest.

Through trackless woods, where the ferns and mosses brushed caressingly against him, where the little rivulets murmured their little song of sympathy, where the cool boulders and giant rocks seemed to weep their tears, in the springs trickling down their sides, he wandered, until having climbed down again that giant peak he once more saw the little lake lying at his feet.

Scrambling, running, jumping from rock to rock, at last he reached it, set like a jewel amid the green mountains.

He built his cabin, and solitary and alone lived here, thinking of his lost love, partly comforted by nature's loveliness and his feeling of nearness to God.

No streams seem to feed this mystic lake and it seemed only to be replenished by the rain

which fittingly seemed like tears from the sky over the lake of "The Broken Heart."

The years rolled on, and Remington still lived isolated and alone. Nature seemed to have held her arms out lovingly to him, and to have tried to be a solace to him in his great sorrow. Often would he go over the favorite climbs once made with Dorothy, and time never weakened this man's remembrance, while the lake he called "The Broken Heart" continually called up once more to mind his first look at this little jewel.

That lake is still to be found amid the wilderness, its beauties are still the same, but under a far more prosaic name, it now attracts occasional visitors to wander into these forest depths. And, perhaps if you go there, you may come upon some moonlight night, or hear tales of that lonely man, real or spectre, with long white beard and hair, and a face full of an unspeakable sorrow and love, who on bright nights when the moon is full, comes to look once more on that beautiful lake of "The Broken Heart."

## HER MISTAKE.

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**O**H MY! How provoking! Why can't I reach it?" and again she tried in vain to stop a boat that was slowly drifting away from shore, but she only succeeded in splashing it with water.

With her flushed cheeks, her soft brown hair blowing about her sun-burned face, her slim, graceful figure showing plainly against the dark back-ground of trees, Marion Hart made a very pretty picture, standing there with a large branch in her hand, using it in vain efforts to catch her boat.

It was on a little island in one of those lovely lakes of the Adirondacks, and Marion having landed, was enjoying the views of the flashing water, and the purplish mountains in the distance, when she saw that her boat, which she had thought was safely drawn up on land, was drifting away from shore.

She was now in despair, for the branch that she had seized, seemed only to push the boat farther away, besides wetting it as it splashed

about in the water. Marion knew no one would see her there in that wild place, and she was at her wit's ends when she perceived a boat approaching. In it was a man, and a *strange* man !

What was she to do ? Marion had no desire to remain all night on the island, but on the other hand, she did not wish to address a man she did not know, and besides, her aunt, with whom she was staying in the mountains, would be horrified !

Then she felt how foolish it was to be found in such a position, with her boat only a few feet from shore, and she a prisoner on the island. No ! She wasn't going to be laughed at by a strange man.

She looked again at his boat, and horrors, here he was making straight for her island !

" Beg pardon, Miss, is that your boat, drifting away ? " asked a rather pleasant voice.

" Miss ! " To think of any one calling her simply " Miss ! " Why he must be some country fellow, and to think of his talking to her, when he did not know her. No ! She would pretend she didn't hear. She could not, however, resist glancing again at his boat. He certainly was a nice-looking fellow, and had the unmistakable appearance of a gentleman, but still what right had he to address

her? (Here, terrible visions of her offended aunt rose up before her eyes.)

"Excuse me, but is this your boat?" again questioned the unknown man, pointing to the boat that he had managed to secure.

"Ye-s-s" she said, hesitatingly.

"I do not suppose you wish it to drift away, do you?" said the unknown, smiling.

(The horrid man, why couldn't he beach the boat, and then row off—instead of asking her questions and laughing at her!)

"No! It drifted away when I was not looking, and I could not catch it, although I tried to do so with this branch," she finally answered, much more graciously.

He landed and pulled the boat up on shore, and then bowed and rowed off a short distance in his own boat.

Marion picked up her hat and stepped towards her boat to get in and row off, and then paused as she saw that it was very wet from the splashes she had made with her stick. Is there a woman who does not hesitate about spoiling a pretty gown? Marion looked at her dainty dress, and then at the wet boat, and then saw that "horrid man" rowing towards her again.

"Your boat is really entirely too wet to row in now. Will you not let me row you back to

the hotel—I believe we are both staying at the same one—and we can tow your boat?”

It was very politely said, and Marion certainly valued her gown, but then to row home with a strange man, and start the gossips of the place, and then her aunt—Oh! It would be awful!

“Thanks, I think I’ll go in my own boat. It really doesn’t matter.” But it did, and as she glanced again at her wet boat the woman conquered, and she allowed the unknown man to help her into his boat, and away they started down the lake with her own craft in tow.

At first Marion resolved not to utter a word, and sat stiff and cold, with face averted from the rower, until she was startled by a laugh! “Do excuse me,” said the unknown, “I could not help laughing, for it struck me that such funny things happen in this world. Here we two are rowing home together, who only half an hour ago did not know each other!”

(What impertinence! “Who only half an hour ago did not know each other,” as if he knew her *now*!) He must be shown that he does not know her, and with offended dignity she turned coldly towards the speaker, and in crushing tones said: “Pardon me, but this is an accident that makes me indebted to you for your *help and kindness*, but I do *not know you*.”



"Oh! I thought I had told you. Allow me to introduce myself, Mr. Brown——"

"Not Mr. Charley Brown," exclaimed Marion, startled out of her dignity and cold reserve. Oh! goodness, she thought, a moment after, what had she said!

"Why yes, I am *Charley* Brown," was the laughing rejoinder. "How could you know it? Oh! I see, you must be Miss Marion Hart, whom my sister told me to look up! Well, this is a pretty go, isn't it?"

Marion felt ridiculous. Here she had been inwardly criticising this unknown man, had been treating him almost rudely, while in her pocket she had a note from his sister—her most intimate friend—telling Marion that her brother Charley had just returned from Europe, where he had been some years, and had started for a little trip to the Adirondacks. Her reserve vanished, but still her feeling of having been ridiculous made her rather cold and unappreciative of Brown's lively conversation and cheerful laughter.

As they drew near the wharf, he held out his hand, saying: "Now Miss Hart, do not feel offended at me, it has been such a jolly little experience. Let us shake hands and be friends, and try a row again some more opportune time!"

His frank smile won her, her pretty little hand for a moment was clasped in his, and they walked up the steep path to the hotel, feeling that their odd meeting was to make them fast friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

About a year later, Mrs. Charles Brown (nee Hart) and her husband, were registered at the same hotel.

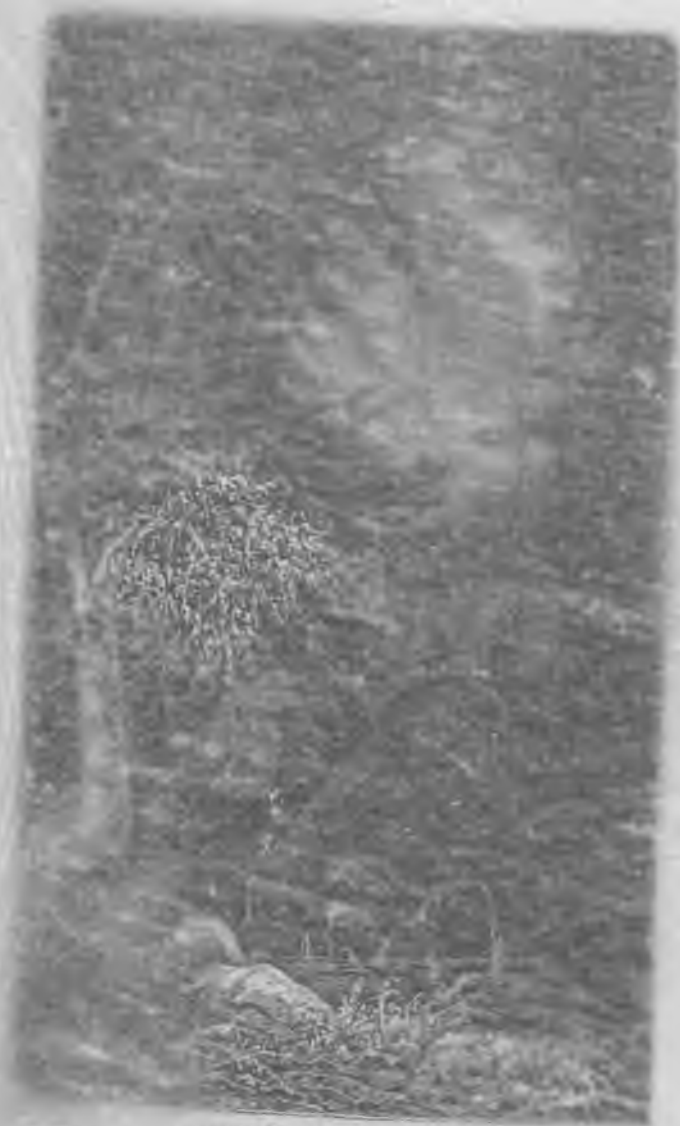
## LOST IN THE INDIAN PASS.

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**M**ANY years ago the now famous Adirondacks were almost unknown, a wilderness of mountains, lakes and forests, in many places a trackless labyrinth where the foot of white man had never trod.

Occasionally venturesome hunters would penetrate the dense woods and these invariably returned with such stories of the beauty of the place and the great abundance of game, that their tales came to be regarded as extravagant and not worthy of credence.

These stories aroused the adventuresome spirit of many, among whom was Robert Lee, who lived on the upper Hudson, and who came regularly in the neighborhood of this region for a holiday and an outing. One summer he started with pack and gun to go into these great woods. He refused to allow any one to go with him, and noted as he was as a good woodsman, his friends let him have his way and laughingly bade him "good-bye," saying they did not think he would go far.



LOOKING TOWARDS INDIAN PASS

1894 by S. R. Shollard

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Weeks passed, and then months, until half a year had almost run its course, and yet no Robert Lee. Parties started to find him, but as they knew not where he entered the woods, it was soon seen to be hopeless to find a man lost in the forests covering some 7,000 square miles. His family and his friends, though fearful, yet held hopes that some day he would "turn up" safe and sound.

It was the fall of the year in which Lee had started off, when three great friends, Tom and Harry Blake and Rodney Ransom (or "Rod"), came up for a month or two in the woods. They had heard of the Adirondacks and especially of the Indian Pass, famed in Indian legend, and now well equipped they were to start in. There was "a method in their madness" too, for being old college friends of Bob Lee, they hoped to come upon signs of him, while after their own pleasure. They were all used to the forests and could roam without the sign of a trail, telling their direction by the bark on the trees and the angle of the sun.

So off they went and soon were deep in the forest. Now they would push through a dense mass of underbrush, small trees and luxuriant ferns, or clamber through a deep ravine; then perhaps they would ford a mountain stream or climb over the outlying spur of some moun-

tain, affording a lovely view of lakes and woods lying silent and still amid the mountains, and occasionally their way would lead them out into a valley, green and beautiful.

Towards sun-down of their first day, they had covered some twenty miles, and as Rod said, had "done the hardest day's work he had ever had, and one deserving of a good meal." They were all as hungry as Rod, but Tom suggested keeping on a little while longer, in hopes of reaching water.

They decided to do this, and presently the ground descended somewhat, and in a few moments they came out on the shore of a little lake. It was about a mile long, and only one quarter of that distance in width. On either side the mountains rose almost sheer up several thousand feet, casting their black reflection in the deep and silent waters.

It took but a few minutes to make their preparations for a camp. They nailed a branch from one tree to a second, and laying logs and branches on this they soon had a shed built, to protect them from the wind and the rain.

Rod left Tom and Harry busy about supper, and wandered down to the side of the lake for water.

Suddenly there came a splash, and some

strong words that could not be made out. They ran to the spot these sounds seemed to come from, and there burst into laughter at the sight they saw. About twenty yards from shore was Rod, holding on for dear life to a slippery log, that rolled and heaved at his desperate struggles to clamber up, while to make the picture still more funny he held his pipe firmly clinched between his teeth.

When they pulled him ashore, dripping wet, Rod laughed at his experience, saying : " You see, fellows, the water near the shore seemed rather stagnant, so I found this log and walked beautifully to the end, which was straight out from the shore. Just as I reached my pail down, the blamed thing rolled, and over I went. I held on to my daisy pipe though, for I wouldn't lose that for worlds."

After a hearty laugh all round they sat down to their "feed," as Rod called it. Tom said in advance that he had been cook, and then posed for compliments on his success. The beefsteak and potatoes met with unqualified approval. The omelette, Rod said, "took the cake," at which Tom's face wore a self-satisfied look that turned to utter disgust, when Rod further explained "because it is so heavy." When Rod said, referring to the coffee, that there were "just grounds of complaint



there," they both—Harry and Tom—turned on him, and then and there told him that if puns were perpetrated in those desert wilds, that the offender would be terribly punished.

Shortly after this terrible threat, they turned in and slept soundly. Towards morning, while yet dark, Tom was awakened by the moaning of their dog, and on leaning over to pat him found the animal quivering with fear. Raising himself, Tom heard a stealthy tread, and then it ceased for a moment. Then, whatever it was, it moved on, along the stony bank.

Looking carefully out, but seeing nothing, Tom came to the conclusion, that whatever it was, it had gone. Scarcely, however, had he composed himself, and was just dropping off into another sleep, when he was suddenly startled again by a low growl on the part of the dog. This time the dog was growling, and pulling at his rope, as if anxious to spring forward.

Glancing out of the end of the shed fronting the lake, Tom saw an object swimming in the water, directly for the place where they were. He awakened Harry and Rod, and then, all three seizing their guns, they waited in eager expectancy for what was to happen. Nearer and nearer came the object, and then they could hear its heavy breathing.

Just then the moon, which had been hidden behind a cloud, came from under it, and showed them clearly a magnificent deer only a few yards away, swimming in the lake.

The three guns seemed to go off at once, and then they saw, that though evidently badly wounded, the animal had come ashore, and was dashing towards them, full of fight. As the buck, raging with anger and pain, sprang from the water, they were frightened for a moment, but Tom, quickly regaining his presence of mind, gave the buck the other barrel of his gun. Down he fell, struggled for a moment, and then rolled over dead.

To say that the three were delighted is putting it mildly indeed, for they had never before shot such a splendid specimen. There was no more sleep for them.

For several days after this, their life was very much the same. A cool swim in the lakes in the morning, a long walk or climb, with occasional tramps after game, made up most of their day. Each night, however, they had gone further into the wilds, and were daily expecting to come upon some signs of their missing friend.

One day, after an unusually long tramp, they were walking along very tired and silent, looking for a suitable place to camp. Round-

ing a boulder, they came upon a little clearing in the forest, in the centre of which was a small log house. They stopped and gazed at it for a moment, and then ran forward to where the door had once been, and looked in:

It was entirely bare and empty, save for a little broken cot in one corner, near which lay the mildewed remains of a book. The deserted look of the house impressed them sadly at first, but in a few moments this feeling gradually wore off, and they entered and picked up the book. It was a copy of Byron's "Childe Harold," but no name was on the title page, to give any clue to the name of the owner and builder of the cabin.

They determined to spend the night here. After their meal, as they were lying in various attitudes of rest and comfort, and the while enjoying the luxury of a pipe, they told each other story after story of adventures and daring, and it was late in the night when they finally went asleep.

Late the following morning they arose, and were soon on the way. "Fellows," said Tom, "you know that I am not superstitious, but I dreamt last night that we had found Bob Lee, and I feel to-day that something is going to happen!"

"The only thing that I think will happen," said Rod, "is that if you kick as much as you did last night, there will be a death in your family. Why, Harry, last night Tom was forever talking of swimming, and then to illustrate his dreams he would kick and swing his arms, usually hitting me in the ear."

Talking and chaffing each other they kept on walking, it being then entirely forest land, quite level. As they rounded a long spur of a mountain, Rod proposed that they would follow it round to their right, and go part ways up a wooded defile between the mountains, and leave the level land. Agreeing to this, they bore round to the right, and each moment found the way becoming steeper and steeper.

Presently they came to a stream, which they followed up a little ways. Suddenly Rod stopped, and gazing intently ahead of him, cried out that he saw the barrel of a gun in the thicket ahead. They sprang forward, and then came to a dead stop at the sight that met their gaze.

Sitting, almost hidden in the bushes, was the figure of a man. They approached it softly, for instinctively they knew that they were in the presence of death.

There, resting against a tree, was the skeleton of a man, with the remains of his clothing

still clinging about his whitened bones. The head had fallen on his breast, and the bony fingers were still clutching the gun, the barrel of which was choked with rust.

As they looked at this melancholy sight, a feeling of deep sadness came over them all, as they thought over what must have been the unfortunate fellow's story, how he must have lost his way in the dense forest, how he must have hurt himself so badly in some way as to prevent him hunting or walking, and there, reclining against the tree, had died of exhaustion and exposure.

Suddenly the same thought flashed upon all at once—could it be the body of Bob Lee? With startled faces, they glanced at each other, and then looked again at the dead man. Going forward, Rod picked up a little book, rotten and mildewed from the damp, which they had overlooked at first. On the leaf opposite the title-page they could distinguish with some difficulty the words: "A wanderer for three years, I now know I am dying in the wilderness, unable to move, and without a comfort that soothes a man's dying moments at home. Here hunger and cold will in a few hours more end me. If my body should ever be found in this desolate place, will the finder bury my remains? In hopes of Divine Mercy, I await my end." There was no signature.

It was a relief to know it was not the body of the man for whom they were searching.

Sadly they hollowed a little grave, in which they placed the poor fellow, covering him with stones and leaves, left the spot with heavy hearts and anticipations of evil. As the day wore on, however, their jovial spirits came back again.

Steeper and steeper grew the path, until at last they came out on a point of rock—a seeming precipice on two sides. As they reached here they suddenly paused, and then all three of them dashed forward, shouting and yelling as if wild, for there, lying on the rock, smoking, was—BOB LEE!

He sprang up, and with a look of the most utter amazement, greeted them. After repeated shakings of hands, hasty words of greeting, and explanations, they quieted down somewhat, and as evening had closed in, they rolled themselves in their blankets, and reclining comfortably there, awaited the story of Bob's wanderings.

"Well, old fellows, you can't imagine how glad I am to see you, and how I longed to hear from home. It seems years since I've been there. And you chaps are looking so well, too!

I have not so much to tell you, but if you

want to hear, then here goes. You know how I started in. I went for a while by boat with a guide (whom I took after all), who finally left me, to explore the wilds alone, as we had arranged before starting.

I came across some beautiful pieces of mountain-country, and had some great luck shooting, but as to adventures, I only had one, and that was last night."

"Last night!" cried the boys, "come, let's hear it."

"Well, I fear you will laugh," returned Bob, while a queer look passed over his face, "but you see it was this way. I reached here yesterday. I came up the way you did, and when near the top came upon a faint 'blazing' upon some of the trees, that had evidently been made by the Indians years ago. Following these marks, the way became steeper and steeper, until after a sharp climb, I came out of the woods to this elevation. You probably noticed that it is a steep cliff several hundred feet above the ground.

The view is superb, as perhaps you saw. At my feet lay the valley—one mass of dense forest, completely surrounded by mountains, rising peak above peak, until the purple of the farthest ones blended in with the sky. At the extreme end of the valley was a tiny lake, shinning like silver in the sun.

Creeping to the edge of this rock, I saw that at its foot was a wooded pass leading up through the mountains, which rise sheer up several thousand feet.

You will see all this to-morrow, but I tell you about it to show how the wild grandeur of the place impressed me, and also because you will better understand what I am going to relate.

When it became dark, I rolled myself in my blanket, and was lying, thinking of my wild surroundings, when I became aware of a strange sound—a continued swishing and rushing.

At first I thought it was the wind sighing through the trees, but suddenly it flashed upon me that the night was perfectly still, without a breath of air. This aroused me, for I knew the sound could only be caused by one other thing, that is, by the passage of some object through the forest. I was about to start up, when my muscles were almost paralyzed by a most unearthly cry—long, shrill and piercing—ending in a low gurgle. Once again it sounded, and then all was silence once more, except for the same rushing sound.

I arose, and thinking the noise came from the pass below, I walked to the edge of the precipice and looked over. Now do not laugh



at what I saw, for I am neither a crank nor a coward!

Up the defile, moving stealthily along in single file, came a number of Indians in hideous paint, while at each step the bushes rustled and sighed as they were thrust aside by the passing forms. The Indians glided along like spectres, and I saw, to my dismay, they were taking a path that led direct to where I stood. To move was to be discovered, so I softly drew back and remained hidden in a few bushes growing here.

Nearer and nearer they came, and just as they almost reached the spot, again came that frightful cry, its weird, quavering notes echoing from the opposite cliffs and dying away in mournful reverberations. Then as they came out on the rock, I saw that they carried a bundle—a dead human form, as I presently discovered.

They saw my camp-fire, but for some reason never thought of looking for me. The Indians seated themselves in a circle round the fire, and for a few moments were as immovable as statues. Then, with a repetition of that terrible shriek, the whole band sprang to their feet, and began executing a most weird and grotesque dance.

They moaned, they shouted, they flourished

their tomahawks on high, then fell flat on their faces, and again uttered that terrible cry. Then springing up once more, they caught up the dead body they had carried up, and with a gently undulating motion, moved slowly around the dancing flames of their fire, swaying first to the right and then to the left, and singing in guttural tones.

Suddenly the circle broke, one end leading off to the side of the cliff, and to my horror, I saw them, still carrying the dead body, walk one by one off the precipice.

I listened for the sound of their fall, but heard nothing. I could contain myself no longer, and rushed to the spot where I had last seen the Indians.

Not an Indian could be seen. I listened to see if I could hear them pushing through the bushes—but no, not even a rushing sound could be heard.

I must then have returned to the middle of the rock and fallen into a troubled sleep, for I awoke early in the morning with a very uncomfortable feeling about my night's experience. To-day I carefully searched, to discover a sign of the Indians, but not a footprint or a broken twig, or an opening in the trees could I find, to show where they had been, and no mangled bodies could I see, where they had

fallen in their walk over the cliff. Now boys, I was brooding over this when you came up, but am yet in the dark. Come, tell me what you think about it!"

Saying that, Bob turned around with a merry smile to the boys.

"Bob," said Tom, "I very much fear your imagination was too much for you, or——"

"No!" interrupted Rod, "It was just this. Those terrible shrieks were nothing more nor less than the cry of a loon! Hark! There goes one now," and indeed, at that moment, was heard a shrill cry, rising quaveringly, mournfully upon the air—the weird cry of a loon!

"And," continued Rod, "poor Bob must have had the nightmare and imagined all kinds of terrible things. Anyhow I do not think much of his adventure."

The next day they had a little consultation, and determined to start for home, as Bob had already seen enough of forest-life, and the others were anxious to see their home once more. They accordingly started, each day seeing them tramping through a most beautiful country, wild and grand, and each night finding them tired but happy, as they lay around their bright camp-fire.

In due time they reached the more civilized

country, and soon were once again in the midst of friends, who welcomed the missing Bob Lee with hearty greetings, and never tired of hearing the adventures of him and his successful searchers for him—and above all, of the night spent in the Indian Pass.

## A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE.

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THEY landed from the train at Plattsburgh early in the morning, and when they had seen their luggage safely stowed away in the waiting coach, they clambered to the top, and with buoyant spirits started on their trip.

Away they went, swaying, swinging and bouncing, as the horses dashed along, dragging the coach over hollows and stones, and every little while reaching a fat little pool of muddy water which spouted wickedly in the air. Reaching Saranac Lake, they found the Americans could not accommodate them, but at the Algonquin they were successful in getting a room. In the afternoon, feeling fine from the keen, bracing mountain air, and very "sporty" from having dined on venison steak, they decided to have a row to the end of Saranac, some eight miles long.

Now, as everyone who has been in this region knows, the Adirondack boat must have been designed either by a lunatic, or by a man

with a dislike for the race, for who else would plan a craft in which the oars overlap and bark the rower's fingers at each stroke !

The Sport is most good-natured—his one great fault being his liking for cigarettes—and he preserved his complacency until he mastered the art of rowing an Adirondack boat. The Chap who prided himself on rowing, boasting that he once trained several weeks when at college, sat and made comforting remarks from time to time, and in his conceit really thought how much better *he* would do it ! But a time of reckoning was coming for him !

Lower Saranac Lake, with its low wooded shores, its rocky islands and long stretches of water shining in the sun, with the low purplish mountains seen in the distance, is a very pretty body of water. Occasionally, the boat would pass some little camp, half hidden in the trees, its occupants lazily enjoying the quiet and beauty of the scene.

After a long pull, the lower end of the lake was reached. The Sport rowed the boat up a little bay, and here Chap's latest mania asserted itself. Given a piece of water with Chap near it, that man *must* swim. Salt or fresh, cold or hot, deep or shallow, he must swim. And the queer thing about it is, that he is but an indifferent swimmer. He says "he

gets there, though," but as the Sport usually remarks with more truth than kindness, "*there* has to be pretty near!"

So, at Saranac they had their swim. Oh! how refreshing was the cool water, and how they revelled in it as they disported there!

But alas! Pleasure and pain too often go together, and when they clambered out on the rocks, it needed many bits of court-plaster to repair the damage done in the way of cuts.

Again they are in the boat; Chap takes the oars, while his face wears the expression that a man's phiz has, when he thinks to "show off." He took up the oars, straightened his back, expanded his chest, and took his first stroke. Something seemed wrong, and his smile faded away as he gazed on his bruised knuckles. He would not show that it hurt, but worked away at the oars, at first anxiously, then viciously.

Seeing the Sport quietly laughing, he remarked that he "didn't see the joke!"

This seemed to cause the Sport still more amusement, whereupon Chap talked to himself in a strange way, and it was evidently *not* the rhapsodies of a poetic or a religious mind, for the Sport remarked: "For a Churchman, and a High Churchman, such rage and mutterings are frightful! If it was I, it would be

all right, but for you—well, it is fortunate that you don't row to church in an Adirondack boat! You'd soon be excommunicated!" Eventually the Sport learned to love these little boats.

The sun was just sinking behind the mountains, and the smooth expanse of the lake seemed to glow with the varying hues of gold and bronze, while the very atmosphere seemed tinted by the last rays of light as they rowed homeward.

That night—it was Sunday—as they sat on the piazza, breathing the cool, crisp air of the mountains, and feeling that quiet happiness that a brilliant starlight evening brings in her train, the voices of some of the guests, now gathered together in the parlor, reached their ears, singing that beautiful hymn of Cardinal Newman's:

“Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on!”

There, many miles from home, away in the heart of the wilderness, amid the works of nature, scattered so generously around, what a proof of the Christian worship which has civilized and purified the world, that even there these few persons should delight in praise and prayer to God. . . . .



On the following morning they were to walk to Lake Placid.

They had made the mistake of taking too much luggage for "roughing it," and as Chap remarked that the acknowledgement of a fault should be followed by reparation or amendment, they adhered to Orthodoxy, by expressing back to Saratoga everything except the few things they selected as being positively necessary. Then they began their march, a tramp of about twelve miles.

The roads were soft from the recent rains, but the hills were hard—that is, especially hard because they were soft, a paradox which the reader must interpret. But the hard work was exhilarating and rare sport, and then again, it is such a mental satisfaction, the forcing of the physical powers to accomplish a given labor.

Chap has always preferred the romantic trails of a forest, but as for the Sport, only give him a good road—say Chestnut Street, when not too crowded, and he is in his element !

It was truly a beautiful walk, now through the sweet, resinous woods, then over the heights of hills, affording views of the surrounding mountains. As they drew near Lake Placid, the ground gradually became rougher and higher and the peaks wilder and

grander. Presently the road entered a dense growth of trees, and continuing for about a mile, it brought the Tramps out at the West-side Hotel, on Lake Placid.

Their first labor was to rid their shoes of the coating of mud from their walk—a labor resembling that of Hercules ; their second duty to dine. Both of these being accomplished, after a short rest, they obtained a boat, with which to explore the lake. This time Chap distinguished himself, rowing to the far end in great style.

There seemed to be more camps on this lake than on Saranac, and these camps, too, were more elaborate and artistic in their construction. Amid a scene so quiet and peaceful by nature, it added still more to the effect, to see a tiny column of smoke curling up from some little camp-fire.

Reaching the far end of the lake, Chap's mania again asserted itself, and there was absolutely no way to quiet him, except to let it have its way, which was to indulge in a swim. The dip in the cold water well repaid for the trouble.

Once again in their boat, this time in charge of the Sport, who handled the oars, they directed their course towards the distant Stevens House. Going thither, they had a splendid

view of the many mountain peaks surrounding Lake Placid. It is truly a beautiful lake. Being nearer the inner portion of the wilderness, it is different from Saranac, for at Placid, the lake lies like a shining bit of crystal in a basin formed by most high and varied mountain peaks, enclosing it completely, their sides green with the wilderness and forest.

Sitting on the comfortable piazza of the Stevens House that night, they listened to the orchestra inside as it discoursed sweet music, the strains of some familiar air carrying them far away in thought to their distant home.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following morning turned out to be rainy, and it was a most desolate scene which they saw from their windows. Dense clouds hung over the mountains, and the pouring rain was cold, dreary and discouraging.

They were not to be deterred, however, from pushing on, but started in a carriage for Adirondack Lodge. It was a ten mile drive to Clear Lake, the first portion being along the beaten coach-road. Presently the road turned sharply to the right, and soon they were driving through a dense forest, the single road-way soaking with wet, and the foliage of the trees brushing them continually with their wet leaves. Then they emerged at a little clearing,



Fig. 1. The forest scene.

the many mountain peaks and valleys. It is little more than a long, narrow, level plain, lying nearer the limit of the forest than the more fertile valley. It is different from some of the other valleys, for it lies like a shining floor of glass, and is formed by moist light and varied colors of the mountain peaks, enclosing it completely, and is green with the wilderness and forest.

Sitting on the east side piazza of Stevens House that night, they listened to the orchestra inside as if it were a new world, the strains of some familiar air carrying them far away in thought to their distant home.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following morning turned out to be rainy, and it was a most desolate scene as they saw from their windows. Dense fog hung over the mountains, and the pouring rain was cold, heavy and discouraging.

They were not to be deterred, however, from pushing on, but started in a carriage for Adirondack Lodge. It was a ten mile drive to Clear Lake, the rest portion being along the beaten coach road. Presently the road turned sharply to the right, and soon they were driving through a dense forest, the single road was creaking with wet, and the foliage of the trees hid them continually with their wet branches. Then they emerged at a little clearing.



ADIRONDACK LODGE.

[From "The Adirondacks," by S. R. Stoddard.]

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beside a beautiful quiet lake, lying silent and black at the foot of the highest mountains in New York State, where was the pretty Adirondack Lodge, built entirely of logs, rough and unfinished, but beautifully fitted and joined together.

It being impossible to walk that day, Chap and the Sport spent the day on the piazzas, or sitting by the cheering wood-fire blazing merrily in the office. On the porch was a group of four, playing euchre by the hour, and it was not long before the players and the tramps knew each other.

That night a large fire of logs was built in the road in front of the house, the flames darting up and lighting the faces of those near it, while the sombre, black depths of the forest around remained in the deepest shadow. Inside, the "euchre players" and the tramps sat and "warmed up" to each other, and with the aid of some fine cognac brandy and some malt, any distinctions existing between Columbia, Harvard or Pennsylvania University men, or the clerk of the hotel and the bell-boy, disappeared, and it became a thoroughly democratic and genial gathering. A right jolly crowd of chaps they were, too, and many a witty thing was said, so that it was much later than they had intended, when the tramps "turned in."



They arose early the following day, and after equipping themselves for a rough walk and preparing for hard work, with their guide, they started for Avalanche and Colden Lakes. The walk there and back would be only about fifteen miles, but when the ground to be covered is considered, it seems more like twice that. A more beautiful walk could hardly be imagined. At times very steep, at one moment they would thrust their way through a mass of underbrush, small trees and luxuriant ferns; then they would pass around some giant boulder, half covered with rich moss or vines, or they would have to crawl under some fallen trees; then picking their way over protruding roots, twisted vines, and stones, they would reach a rushing stream and cross its waters by means of logs or jumping from rock to rock, and often by fording it; again they would gain a spur of some mountain, from which they could see above the forests the neighboring summits, or look far down into a rocky ravine, where perhaps no man had ever been.

The damp air cooled their faces, the forest shades were pleasant to their eyes, and the play of lights and shadows in the forest depths appealed to their sense of the beautiful. Now the respective characteristics of the Sport and Chap shone out. Chap, who is romantic and

imaginative, would remark on the loveliness of the place, of the wildness and picturesqueness of the clinging mosses and gnarled roots, and begin to quote Byron's "Childe Harold": "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," etc. The Sport, wishing he was walking down Chestnut Street, mutters: "Everyone to his taste, but when a man talks of pleasure in tripping over roots, sliding on slippery mosses, crawling through the muck to get under fallen trees, and hurting one's feet and scratching one's face, then count me out, for I'm not in it."

That guide, too, was a daisy!

Knowing that the walk would be a very wet one, and fearing that it might result in chills, if some precautions were not taken, Chap took his whiskey flask with him. On becoming pretty well soaked in crossing the first stream, he had recourse to it, and before indulging, naturally offered it to the others. Well, from that moment that guide shone out in a new light. He seemed to wish to ford every stream, and to go through all kinds of wet places, to seek out swamps, and of course, after each one another swig at the flask! He *did* love "*the crayture*," and happy it made him when he saw the flash of the flask and heard that welcome gurgle once more.

By and by, through the trees, which became

a little more open, the waters of a lake were seen, and in a few moments more they stood at Avalanche Lake. One of that little party perhaps will never forget his impression of Avalanche Lake. About half a mile in length and scarcely three hundred yards in width, its black waters lay sullen and awesome-looking, between mountains on either side rising several thousand feet, sheer up like a wall. Not a sign of life or habitation, except the half-rotten dug-out of the Indians. And through this narrow gap or defile the wind moaned or whistled, while the clouded, overcast heavens seemed to add still more to the gloominess of the *wildest* lake in the Adirondacks. It seemed, in the words of Hood :

“ For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted.”

Clambering along the few rocks scattered at its side, or on logs of wood collected at the foot of the wall of the mountain, they reached a place where the water was about five feet deep and where there was apparently no way of crossing for about thirty yards, except on some loose logs under the water.

The guide insisted that they could not pass.  
Chap wished to go on and persuaded Norris,

the guide, to try. Norris walked timidly out along the heavy, rolling logs, and then came back and said he couldn't go any further. Then Chap became daring—perhaps he longed for another swim—and started to try what he could do.

Cautiously creeping out on the logs he moved along foot by foot, while the Sport and the guide watched him with an expectation of the delight of seeing him roll over and get a ducking. Nearer and nearer Chap drew to the goal, and although the logs lurched and rolled, he finally reached the other side, and with a shout crawled up the bank, safe but wet almost to the waist. The Sport and Norris could not but follow and they also succeeded in accomplishing the feat in safety and then laughed at their fear. Then, after very hard and difficult walking for about two miles, they reached Lake Colden, one of the other wild lakes of this region.

— Choosing an open spot, they started about preparing dinner. Fortunately for the party, Norris cooked. And now a distressing thing must be told ! The Sport, who had all along refused to drink of the whiskey straight, now took some sugar and water (no bitters were to be had), and adding whiskey, made himself a whiskey cock-tail !

Think of it—a cock-tail in the wilds of the forest !

How the native Indian would have wept, how the denizens of the forest must have felt to see these sacred forest depths opened to the civilization of the city in the way of a cock-tail !

While eating, Chap distinguished himself. Gracefully seating himself on a branch of a fallen tree, while he held a tin cup of coffee in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other, he seemed the personification of content, when suddenly a cracking sound was heard, and his companions beheld a kaleidoscopic view of coffee, bread, tin cup, boots and man, going through the air and landing in different places. Undignified, to say the least, and most surprising in a man like Chap !

After a hearty meal, they began their homeward journey, going back the way they had come. And now another funny thing must be recorded.

They came to a stream, over which they had to cross on a log. The Sport, smoking his pipe and balancing himself, essayed to cross, but fell into the stream, becoming soaked to the skin, but strange to say, retaining his hold on his pipe ! He appeared again on the shore, and wonderful to relate, with his pipe

still going! If the Sport had any ambition for the variety stage, the repetition of this performance would "bring down the house!"

Somehow, that homeward walk seemed very, very long, and long before they reached the end, silence seemed to fall upon the party, and they trudged on, hoping each turn would bring them home. It was certainly a long and tough walk, but when at last they reached Clear Lake, where the Lodge was, their spirits had so far risen, that the Sport and Chap determined to complete their day by climbing Mount Jo. Though not a very high peak, the climb to their already wearied muscles proved to be a pretty hard one, and the tramps frequently had to stop and get their breath before they finally reached the summit.

But then what a treat for them! At their feet was Clear Lake, surrounded by the giant peaks of Marcy, McIntyre and Colden, while the whole surrounding country presented to their eyes a beautiful picture of valley, woodland, lakes, mountains and wilderness, with now and then a house.

That night the college students, the hotel clerk and bell-boy listened to the account of their day's experiences, while they sat and smoked round the fire. As they were on the following day to walk to Indian Pass, they

"turned in" early and slept the sleep of the tired, if not of the just.

Bright and early next day they were tramping along after Norris, the guide, bound for Indian Pass. They felt rather tired at first, from their long walk of the previous day, but as they proceeded they warmed to their work and the sense of fatigue wore away. This trail was very much like the one of the day before, except that the ground kept ascending, and presently it became very hard work.

It was truly beautiful. For awhile they followed the windings of a little stream, which later on forms the mighty Hudson, and constantly crossed and re-crossed it. Its murmur, as it rushed over its rocky bed, sung in their ears as they walked along, and they were very sorry at last to leave it. Then the trail became almost precipitous. Climbing began, and their steps were slow and carefully taken. Up steep ledges of rock, over round, shining boulders, slippery with moss, then along a narrow path looking on the defile below, followed by a little run to lower ground, this being repeated over and over again. But they knew they were getting nearer Summit Rock, for they noticed how they had ascended, and they began to feel the strong wind blowing up the pass.

Presently, after a still harder scramble, out they came on Summit Rock, at the head of the famous Indian Pass, and threw themselves on the flat rock here and gazed around at the beautiful scene.

It is hard to describe it. Below them lay the defile of the pass, a confused mass of forest, rocks and debris from storms; to their right rose mighty Wall Face Mountain, standing grim and black, looking o'er the scene; down in front of them lay the unbroken forest, miles and miles of trees, where perhaps men seldom penetrated, extending to the little lakes gleaming in the far distance. Not a house or sign of man or civilization to be seen—all nature, undisturbed in its wildness. And then around, in a circle, as it were, surrounding the forest on all three sides were the mountains, rising one above the other, beautifully colored by the distance into many hues of green and purple, fading away until the farthest ones blended in with the soft tints of the horizon.

A scene of this kind inspires one. He feels like being still and saying nothing; he recognizes the wonderful hand of the Creator in all around, and feels the quiet and perfect peace of the spot. No noise, no worry, no worldly cares are here; no persons to bother one; no responsibilities to fret over—all is nature,



around, beneath, above him ! Indeed it repays one for all the trouble, hard work it may take to reach such a place, and experience if but for a moment, that pleasing, voluntary isolation from the whole world.

After a good rest they started back, and reached the Lodge in time for dinner, and shortly afterwards they bade their friends "good-bye," and getting into a carriage, started on their drive to Cascade Lakes. This was mostly over a table-land, after emerging from the forests about Clear Lake. Then as they drew near Cascade Lakes, they entered the woods again and soon reached the lakes.

If Avalanche and Colden Lakes were the wildest they had seen, Cascade Lakes were certainly the loveliest. Narrow, and each about two miles long, and merely separated by a narrow strip of land, on which stands the hotel, they lie in a deep ravine between two ranges of mountains. Looking out either way can be seen a most beautiful picture, soft and varying, and a perfect scene for an artist to depict.

Here the Sport and Chap took another row over one of these lovely bodies of water, going leisurely along and enjoying to their fullest extent the perfect sunset, both water and skies assuming the lovely tints of gold and

red. The next day they started early in their carriage for the drive to Westport, on Lake Champlain.

September is a charming time anywhere, but there in the wilderness it is particularly so. The foliage of many of the trees had already changed, and the brilliant tints of red, gold and bronze-browns of some of them, contrasted with dark colors of the evergreen trees. And the mountain air felt cool and crisp against their faces, and the long breaths of it seemed to infuse new life each moment.

On through lovely Keene Centre they drove, past the quiet little hotels and cottages lying between the high mountains; on past occasional lakes, ever reaching lower and lower ground, getting superb views of White Face and other peaks, until Elizabethtown is reached, that spot so much patronized, and full of so many pretty hotels; on and on, ever descending, until the farthest spurs of the Adirondacks are reached, and they drive along the prettily shaded roads of Westport up to Westport Inn, on Lake Champlain.

Here they remained over night. They were charmed with Westport, its comfortable and cozy inn, its pretty streets and houses, and the distant view of the Vermont Mountains and the big lake.

The next day, on the Champlain steamer, they had still better views of the lake and its lovely shores, and on reaching the end, a short ride in the cars brought them to Lake George.

Lake George—the most beautiful lake of America—many are the stories and associations that linger about its shores; many are the people who have gazed, enraptured on its magnificent stretch of water, its coves and bays, its green-covered islands, its chains of mountains that surround its sides! To see is to appreciate it; to appreciate it, is to bring it up long after in one's dreams. And its very names call up memories. Its name, "Horican," pictures to one the savage Indian, before the white man had ruined him, and brings to mind those rare stories of Cooper, so full of romance and glamour of the native race; its name, "Lake of the Blessed Sacrament," brings up the Frenchman who called it by this title, and makes one think how much the susceptible nature of the Frenchmen must have been overcome, when they used this sacred name to give sufficient honor to this fairy bit of water. And at this lovely lake fittingly ends the record of the first visit of the tramps to the Adirondacks, a trip it is hoped they will always recall with the rarest of pleasure.

## “A JOLLY GOOD TIME!”

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ONCE more were “the tramps” about to enter the mountains, this time driving in from Plattsburg.

They were in great spirits, and even a rather quiet driver, and an accident to the carriage that detained them quite a while, could not cast a damper on them. They sang, they whistled, they spouted aloud, covering the whole ground from the poetical and sublime to the ridiculous, but never a smile or show of appreciation could they call to that driver’s face.

After about a five-hour’s drive, covering about twenty-five miles, they came to the Au Sable Forks, where they decided to pay attention to the cravings of the inner man, which made itself felt.

It was a mistake. The inner man chanced to be particular and he was not pleased with what was provided—in other words, the inner man kicked, for it would be hard to see a worse dinner.

Late that afternoon the tramps were put down at a little inn in the quiet little hamlet of Wilmington.

Completely sheltered and surrounded by the mountains, here quite high, lies the valley, in which a dozen or so buildings form the little town. To the right old Whiteface Mountain towered thousands of feet high, while through the valley and town the Au Sable River flowed quietly along, far different from the rushing torrent that it is further up towards the North.

This lovely little stream fascinated the tramps and as it was still a few hours before dark, they took a boat, and impressing into their service a small boy for a pilot, they started to explore it.

If you ever wish to know anything about a stream of water, take a small boy and catechise him. He knows the shallows and the deep places; where the best places for a swim are; where the fish are thickest; in fact, there are few things about water the average small boy doesn't know, except how to avoid being drowned, in exceptional cases now and then.

Chap's face wore a longing look. He wanted a swim. Presently the cool, clear water's charms were too much for him and he broached the subject to the Sport and said he "*must go in.*"

The small boy sat on the bank and watched, and presently saw two figures rise from the boat, and free of clothes plunge into the stream.

Talk of the pleasures of the city, and then think of swimming in a cool mountain river, with no one to see as you revel in the water, in nature's wilderness!

\* \* \* \* \*

That little inn was a cozy place. A married couple and two rather young girls—all from Brooklyn—had charge of things, and it was not long before the tramps were perfectly at home with this party, and sitting in the moonlight on the little porch, felt like old friends.

The Sport with his usual good fortune, or perhaps Chap would say "unbounded nerve," had gotten the youngest and prettiest girl for a tete-a-tete. Hour after hour passed. The married couple went inside; Chap's girl after lingering awhile longer also retired; Chap was left alone, for a tete-a-tete couple never counts, and for a few moments he strolled up and down hoping the other couple would take the hint. No, they were too engrossed. Finally Chap "turned in," and had been long asleep in his "little bed" when the Sport appeared. On being quizzed by Chap on the subject, the Sport coolly observed that he couldn't get away! Oh! what want of truthfulness in a bold, bad man!

Early the following day, with a solid-looking guide, the tramps started to climb Old Whiteface. They had been told it would be very hard work, and a day's trip, but they were determined to waste no time about it, but to get back early in the afternoon. It is six miles from Wilmington to the summit of Whiteface, and a hard and difficult climb, as two mountain peaks have to be crossed first, and the trail is rough and in one part very confusing, where the timber has been burned by the forest fires. Then the continued ascent becomes wearisome, and when half-way up the rarified air makes breathing difficult.

Reaching the summit at last, they threw themselves on the flat rock to view the scene at their feet.

For miles around they could see. Hundreds of lakes shone like silver in the sun, some but little specks, others large bodies of water; quiet valleys lay silent and peaceful in among the giant mountains; here pointed peaks raised their summits to the sky, bold and black; there lower and flatter mountains with thickly wooded spurs rounded off to the dense forests that lay at their base; scarcely a house or sign of man could be seen, save where scattered patches here and there, in gaps of the forests, showed where some little settlement was. Seen from

an elevation a mile above the sea level, the view was sublime, and one long to be remembered. All sense of fatigue disappeared. The hard, toilsome climb, the scrambles and falls, were all forgotten, and there above the world, with this panorama of forest, lake and mountain spread beneath them, the tramps revelled in the beauty of the scene.

Presently some other climbers appeared. They had ascended by way of Lake Placid—a much shorter, but far rougher and more dangerous climb. One of these climbers was a German of about middle age, and evidently rather an original fellow. It was very funny, but withal incongruous, when he took from his pocket a mouth-organ and played “Annie Rooney.” Imagine it—up there in the clouds, (that is when clouds are about), to hear “Annie Rooney !”

The tramps took a last look around and started to descend. It was far quicker going this way than going up. Scrambling, sliding, running, they rapidly gained the lower ground and by and by were hurrying along the road that led to the town. Reaching there, they found they had just been about six hours on the trip. Turning from the road, the tramps and their guide walked to the little river, and taking a boat, soon rowed to a place where



they could swim. To their tired and heated bodies and stone-bruised feet, the cool waters were very refreshing, and they splashed and swam about to their heart's content. What a luxury cold water is !

Reaching the inn after their swim, they did full justice to the dinner awaiting them.

The dining-room, if such it could be called, was in the basement, in which there was a large pump. The servant girl was completely demoralized by the Sport asking to be connected with the pump, in other words to be given a glass of water ! She probably thought polite society strange !

Feeling lazy and comfortable after their hard morning's exercise, they started in the afternoon for Cascade Lakes, going by way of the famed Wilmington Notch.

The driver was an old man who had for years been a guide in that region, and having once taken a trip as far as New York City, was full of great and wonderful schemes for the opening up and the improvement of the section through which they were driving—an opening up and so-called improvement that would do away with the chief charm of the place, his hearers thought.

As they drove along, the strip of land lying between the mountain ranges began to grow

more narrow, as the high peaks seemed to crowd in on them. Soon they were right in what is called the Notch proper. By some it is likened to the cañons of Colorado, and if not as grand or awe-inspiring, perhaps it is just as beautiful. Through a steep and narrow chasm the Au Sable dashes along, now falling in foaming cascades, then rushing in sparkling rapids, or else widening outward somewhat forms a comparatively calm little bay or haven. And on the sides rising up are the giant ranges of the mountains, here black or grey ledges of rock, there pine-clad steepes.

The drive must be *seen* to be appreciated, as far as beauty is concerned, and must be *felt* to be understood, as far as comfort is considered, for as there is scarcely enough of a pathway for the carriage and horses to make their way, the passage is attended by a good deal of discomfort and bumps.

By and by they drew up from the Notch, and made their way to the highlands about North Elba. It was almost dark as they passed the few straggling houses of this little settlement, and started on their lonely drive of six or seven miles to Cascade Lakes.

Presently the moon came up, shedding her bright beams over the wild mountain scene.

Bang, bump, "whoa," "dang it!" and all

in a minute's time the horses had been frightened, had started to run, had been stopped and the wagon *found to be broken!*

There was no help for it, and there they were "stranded," as it were, on the lonely heights, where the air was already becoming very chilly and cold.

"Wal!" said the driver, "if you young colts don't mind waitin' here a bit, I'll take out them thar horses and ride on a bit, to a place where's thar's a house, and borry a 'rig.' " Ye're not afeard, are ye, boys?"

No, "the boys" were not "afeard." So off he went, and pretty soon was out of sight, and the sound of footsteps had died away. The tramps moved about a little to keep warm, tried to joke a little, and sing a little, but the quiet of the scene was impressive and pretty soon dead silence settled upon them. Presently a low gurgling sound was heard, and "horesco referens" (as Virgil has it), Chap was seen taking a drink of whiskey, "to warm him up," he said.

Ah! what a misfortune to be as delicate as Chap, to be so afraid of soaking and chills as often to need a little of the "crayture!"

After what seemed a very long wait, the driver returned, and in due time they drove through the dense forests surrounding Cas-

cade Lakes, and were ushered into the warm hall-way of the Cascade House.

\* \* \* \* \*

"By Jove, it's raining, Sport!" Such was the disconsolate remark of Chap next day.

Presently, however, though cloudy, the rain ceased to fall, and the tramps took a boat and rowed over one lake, and then coming back and taking another boat, rowed over the other lake. Here Chap's mania once again asserted itself—he must have a swim!

The cold air didn't deter him, the chance of being seen by the ladies (for there was a hotel on this lake) didn't frighten him, the danger of cutting himself on hidden rocks or trunks didn't influence him, but in he went. The Sport, kind brother as he is, sat and watched to give warning of people coming.

In the afternoon, once more esconced in a wagon, they started for Keene Valley. It poured! But the clouds, instead of spoiling the view, only seemed to enhance the rare beauty and real grandeur of the drive. Late in the afternoon they alighted at St. Hubert's Inn.

A more beautifully located hotel could hardly be imagined! Built on an elevation at the end of a little valley, it looked on a panorama of mountain and forest and quiet valley rarely

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Landing at the other end they followed a forest trail for about a mile and a half to the Upper Au Sable Lake. The trail was wild and beautiful, but all thoughts of the trail were lost when the superb view of the Upper Lake burst on their eyes.

Almost round in shape, it lies at the foot of most of the highest mountains of the Adirondacks. Saddle-back, Resagonia, The Gothics, Mount Colvin, Haystack, Basin and a number of others rise from its sides, rocky or green, superb in their grandeur, beautiful in their coloring and solemn in the air of strength, rest and stillness that seems to linger about them.

Rowing to a camp made of logs, the earth covered with fragrant balsam boughs, they landed for dinner. After a cooling swim while the guide cooked the meal, the tramps sat down to a dinner they did ample justice to. Beefsteak, deliciously boiled potatoes, bread, cakes and coffee (of which they drank huge tin cups), rapidly disappeared, and it may be doubted if the most tempting dainties of our nineteenth century civilization could have provided a more appetizing meal. One who has not tried it, never can realize the intense pleasure of the mid-day rest after the violent exercise of a mountain climb or a forest walk. So it was with our tramps as they sat awhile



after their meal, resting their tired bodies, while they breathed the glorious, pure air of the mountains, fragrant with the smell of the pines, and feasted their eyes on the beautiful scene before them.

Later on they took their boat and rowed completely around this Upper Lake, thus gaining a still better view of the mountain peaks.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Inn, after having retraced their steps along the way they had come.

Their day's work was not yet over, for they were determined to see Chapel Pond by moonlight, and had engaged their guide for the trip. They started about eight. The night was clear and starlight, and the air was chill and cold but just the night for a walk. It was about a five-mile tramp to Chapel Pond and back. On they trudged, entertained by the guide's stories.

By and by the road became very gloomy. It wound round the spur of a mountain, and on one side they could see the black vagueness of a deep ravine, for the high mountains hid the moon as yet. The guide told them of accidents that had happened here and there, pointed out a landslide, and added a few more stories that for some reason or other became

more startling as they went on. At last they reached Chapel Pond, and scrambled down to a little boat-landing on one side.

The lake's almost precipitous sides were closely covered with pines, and the water looked dark, black and sullen. Scarcely a sound was heard. It seemed like a weird and haunted place, so still and black everything was.

Slowly, a pale white light seemed to creep over the water, until at last all of one side not protected by the shadow of the trees, was bright with the rays of the moon, now fairly risen in the heavens and shining calmly and serenely down on that dark lake and gorge.

A whim took the Sport to try moonlight fishing; so he and the guide tried their hand at it, while Chap sat meditatively on a log and drank in the beauty of the scene and dwelt on the thoughts it aroused. Then home again to enjoy the sound, deep sleep that comes to tired mortals.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning they left the beautiful Keene Valley for their long tramp to Schroon Lake, over the mountains, about fifty miles or thereabouts distant.

Their luggage they expressed to Saratoga, and with one little satchel on shoulder, and

pack and rifle, they started—the Sport, Chap and the guide.

Part of their way was the same as the day before. Three and a half miles walk to the Lower Au Sable Lake, two and a half miles row across it and a little ways up the stream to where they struck the trail, then a mile and a quarter walk to the Upper Lake, and by boat to their camp, where again followed a swim and a “bang up” dinner. They enjoyed, if possible, still more the loveliness of the scenery.

Early in the afternoon they started once more in their boat to reach the trail over Boreas Mountain.

At the end of the Upper Au Sable they entered the mouth of a tiny river, and up it they proceeded. Up, up, up it they rowed, along its winding twisting length. Gradually it grew narrower and shallower. Trees and bushes overhung the water, while rocks, logs, and long grasses made the rowing slow and difficult.

On they went, the little river now only a shallow creek, winding its way along. Every moment the foliage overhead grew more dense, until the branches seemed to form a canopy above them; the bushes more closely grew around; the water became still more shallow and choked up, until recourse had to be had to

a paddle, and the oars abandoned. Still on they went, forcing their way foot by foot up the tiny stream, now dodging their heads to avoid an overturned tree or a protruding bush or rock, until with a last push and stroke of the paddle they landed at the foot of the Boreas trail, at a spot entirely shut in by the densest forest growth, completely stopping further navigation.

Now the hard work began. Bracing themselves to it, the guide and the two tramps started at a rapid pace to cover the trail and cross the Boreas range of mountains.

They had seen perhaps a still wilder forest in the walk to Avalanche Lake, but in some respects this tramp was harder, for up and down the trail went, over rocks, trees, in and out the debris of recent storms, until the muscles began to feel the toil, and the wind began to give out. Intense quiet reigned, no sounds being heard save that of their own voices, and of the wind sighing in the tree-tops above.

Presently they came to soft swampy ground, and the guide told them they were drawing near Elk Lake, a famous place for deer. Here the guide seemed rather irresolute and finally admitted that though he knew where they were, he was rather at a loss to find the way to the part of the lake they wished to reach.

But they did reach it and found it was a doleful sight. The water had overflowed its banks, and there were acres of blighted gray trees standing in the water, all the foliage dead. As they rowed in an old flat-bottom boat towards the far end of the lake, they had a perfect view of the highest peaks, from this side, and as it was late in the afternoon the shadows on the sides were beautiful to see. After about a two-mile row they reached the end, where stood a little house. Here the tramps bade adieu to their guide, and after a short rest started along the old log road for the main road to Schroon.

The tramps were tired, for theirs had been a hard day's work, and the road was rough and not particularly interesting, as they were leaving the rugged scenery of the wilderness behind them and gradually descending to the lower but very beautiful mountains still about Schroon Lake.

After about a five-mile tramp, during which they had passed some very pretty lakes and had some delightful views, the Forks are reached. Here the tramps gave in for a time, and going to a little inn ordered supper.

It was a very plain but fairly substantial meal, and though their surroundings were not of the best, the tramps thought life was very pleasant.

After a few minutes rest they started along the big stage road to Schroon River, some five and a half miles distant. They were bound to reach it that day.

On and on they plodded. The night came on and soon thick darkness settled about them. There was no danger now of becoming lost, for all they had to do was to follow the road. Conversation flagged, for the tramps were beginning to feel very tired. Several times they thought they had reached Schroon River, as they came across several little houses bunched together, but no, they had to keep on.

At last, however, the haven was reached and their walk for that day ended, they being ushered into a comfortable little inn. The tramps, tired as they were, felt pleased with themselves, for altogether since starting that morning they had rowed about seven miles, and walked about nineteen miles, some of it the toughest mountain trail. They soon "turned in," expecting a good night's rest to brace them up for the eleven miles that lay before them the next morning, before they would reach Schroon Lake proper.

But ah! How often are one's hopes disappointed in this world! This time it was a party of night birds who did it, for towards the middle of the night, the tramps awakened and

became aware of something going on below. There was the sound of a fiddle and dancing and loud laughing. Then singing was resorted to, to the accompaniment of a squeaky melodeon. They sang "Sweet Dreams" and "Merrily we roll away," and "Farewell."

Oh! the irony of it all. How the two tramps wished their bringing up had been such that they could have indulged in unlimited "cussing."

As it was, it would not be safe to repeat what may have been said in their suffering! But all things have their end, and so did this party, and at last sleep wrapped again in her arms the tired tramps.

\* \* \* \* \*

Drizzling rain! Wet, dismal, cold! What hard luck to find such an outlook the next morning! They could have engaged a carriage or "rig," but their pride would not allow them. They had started to walk to Schroom Lake and were bound to do it or "bust."

Out in the drizzle they started. Somehow the tramps did not feel in a particularly pleasant mood, and when the rain began to come down hard, they began to think it would have been better to have sacrificed their pride and taken the "rig."

Chap ventured to make some remarks, that

"It wasn't so bad, and that they would soon be at the end of their journey, for they must have walked so many—miles," but the other tramp promptly "sat on" him.

After a very hard, disagreeable walk of eleven miles or thereabouts, they reached Schroon River, where they had to run to connect with the steamboat—looking like two of about as tough looking tramps as gentlemen could be.

Down Schroon Lake is the steamboat, then a ride in the stage to the Blue Mountain Railroad, and by "the iron horse" to Saratoga.

Enter Saratoga two toughs, in old clothes, shoes covered with mud and muck, unshorn beards, sunburnt hands and faces, veritably "tough." Later two Philadelphia men, in patent leather shoes, clothes the latest cut, clean, bright looking faces—the two toughs transformed!

And as they sat down to a first-class dinner at the United States Hotel, they decided they had had a glorious old time, with lots of fun—a trip that had done them lots of good in health and spirits, but still it was "awfully nice" to be civilized once more, and as the Sport added: "to sit down to a 'bang up' dinner like this, instead of Adirondack fare. Well! for goodness sake! Champagne! Well! Here's to you! And may the same happy time await all who go to the beautiful Adirondacks."



## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

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THEY lived in a little house on the line of one of the lines of travel through the Adirondacks—her husband, herself and her baby. No more desolate surroundings could be imagined. It was somewhat out of the heart of the mountains, but high up on one of the flat plains or table-lands lying between some of the larger lakes. Once covered by a beautiful forest and rich in all the wealth of the woods in the way of ferns, mosses and bushes, it had been lumbered some years back, and another growth of dwarfed, stunted little trees had succeeded the giant pines and birches of the forest. The stage road now led through this country, and along it were occasional houses and cabins, inhabited by the natives, mostly poor and wanting in comforts.

Somewhat away from the other houses—the nearest one being two miles off—was this poorer one, so little it seemed hardly possible that three persons could live in it. Everything, however, was scrupulously neat. The

only sign of a luxury to be seen was a little pine box covered with bark, in which bloomed a sunflower, and this plant the possessors regarded as their choicest treasure. The man was a wood-chopper, employed by one of the lumbering companies who earned rich profits in cutting down the noble trees so bountifully scattered here by nature, and who had done so much harm to the State and people in so doing, for the cutting away of the trees had resulted in many of the richest lands drying up, in the lowering of many lakes and in the lessening of the water shed of the whole State.

One day Jim was away with these lumberers, and alone his wife was busy in little things about her small house, and in the care of a pretty little baby, who crowed when he saw her.

It had not rained for weeks, and the woods were as dry as tinder, and people were praying for rain, for they knew if the dry spell continued forest fires were bound to occur, and then incalculable damage and loss of life were sure to follow.

The mother had left her baby sound asleep and was going in search of her one little cow, when she thought she noticed the smell of burning wood. She stopped and sniffed. It certainly did smell like fire, and as she thought

what it meant, a thrill of fear ran through her, for fire to her meant dreadful danger.

She knew her husband would not return for some days, if not weeks, but her anxiety was not for him, for he, she well knew, could take care of himself. It was for herself and baby. Dashing to the door she looked out and to her horror she saw a cloud of smoke and little darting flames approaching from the side of the stage-road, where the forest was on fire, thus cutting off all chance of escape there. On the other side lay the lumbered region covered with the stunted trees, a melancholy, ghastly looking stretch, with occasional bodies of water here and there.

Her heart sank within her. To stay meant a horrible death—to go meant a wild race across that lumbered tract to the green forest beyond, with the hopes of reaching water.

Snatching up her baby, who commenced to laugh and crow, the poor little one not understanding the dreadful danger, she started.

On she sped, seeing the long line of flame and smoke drawing near. Running, walking, stumbling, she managed to get over considerable ground, until at last she had to pause and rest.

She felt so tired, the baby was so heavy, her breath came and went in gasps, she thought she could not go on.

She looked back. There was the fire rapidly drawing nearer. Let it come, she could but die! She glanced at her baby, who was lying in her arms, kicking its little bare feet gleefully. Could she let the fire burn that baby of hers! No, no! Bending to kiss her child, with a prayer to God, she dashed on again. Only a little ways and then a sharp pain seized her side, and she felt her heart beat as if it would break.

What could she do? Oh! That Jim was there! Oh! That the people in the other houses had warned her of the approaching fire.

She glanced around despairingly, as if in hopes of aid. No one in sight—not that anyone could cope against the fire, that wall of smoke and flame pursuing her! Stay! Was that a gleam of water ahead. Yes, there was a tiny pond surrounded by bushes and half covered by water lilies, and she saw that there was her only hope.

With a last desperate effort she fled onward. Already she felt the heat of the fire; already its sparks and cinders were blowing over her and falling about her, already the smoke was blinding and smarting her eyes. And now the baby was crying—poor, innocent little thing—thus early in life to be so frightened and so threatened with terrible danger.

The mother staggered on. Only a few steps more. Could she make it? Could she gain that water?

Nearer—almost there, but there was the fire almost at her back. She fell to the ground, but instantly arose. She gained the pond, dashed along its little bank as best she could and there drawn up on the shore she found the little boat she knew was on the pond. Strength seemed to be given her—for with a tremendous effort she pushed the boat far out into the water and threw herself into it, her impetus carrying the boat out to the middle of the little pond.

The fire came and burnt around the shores of the pond; the hot sparks and cinders fell in showers over it; the blinding smoke enveloped it—and the fire then passed by and there safe and sound from the flames was the boat.

The little baby again crowed with delight and raised his dimpled hands and punched his mother's face, as she lay flat in the boat; he kicked his little feet with joy, for he was not used to boats, and his novel position pleased him; then he crawled on his fat little knees up to his mother's arms and placed his little head on his mother's bosom and crowed—such a sweet, loving crow, and so dear to a mother's heart—but that mother lay silent in the bottom

of the boat, for her fear and exertion had been too much for her poor weak heart, and that last effort had cost her her life. But on her homely face, full of lines and the marks of care, was a sweet smile of content and peace, for she had given her life for her child, whom she knew Jim would soon find there, and she knew her child was safe.

## I'M GOING HOME.

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**H**E was devoted to the woods. From early boyhood he was wont to wander amid the shawody aisles, drinking in the fresh fragrance of the forest, and studying each twig, blossom or growing thing he saw.

On a sunshiny day the woods seemed to him as if peopled with little fairies and little elves singing and dancing gayly; when it rained, it seemed to him as if the drops formed little ladders from earth to heaven, up and down which airy forms would ascend and descend.

For days he would bury himself in the depths, until he came to be regarded as "queer." He never knew his mother and father, and he felt that no one seemed to care for him, and that he was looked upon as a cumbrance.

He often had queer singings and buzzings in his head, and sometimes he tried to recollect something that happened—but it all seemed so dim and shadowy and long ago—and all he could recall was a vague remembrance of some blow on the head which had stunned him and

had given him these queer feelings, but whether given to him by some man, he did not know.

Ofttimes a big hard lump would rise in his little throat, as he thought no one loved him, but called him "queer" and "that little imp," and now and then the tears would trickle down his thin cheeks. Then he would go to the woods and tramp far, far away, until he hardly knew where he was. The wild animals never seemed to mind him and certainly never attempted to hurt him. Yes, he loved the woods and the trees, and they seemed to whisper to him and he felt they told him wonderful tales of a strange land far, far off, and of beautiful beings who lived there and did nothing but sing and be joyful. Then a far away, longing look would come into his eyes, and he would gaze wistfully into the distance as if trying to peer a veil which seemed held up before his eyes.

One summer he met some people—a lady and her husband—who were kind to him, and they persuaded him to go far away with them to a big city, where lots and lots of houses and big marble buildings were, but no woods in which to roam.

And then an old man came and looked at him and examined him thoroughly. Then the old man shook his head and said some



strange words about "spinal trouble and partial paralysis of the brain, and must have struck his back." Yes, there was that word again, he had been *struck*. Then the kind lady and gentleman came to him and seemed to feel so sorry for him, and the lady cried a good deal and kissed him.

He longed for the woods and soon he became weak and ill from never wandering there. He begged to be taken back to the woods, but they would not do it. He became weaker and weaker and soon could not leave his bed. The kind lady seemed ever by his side, and so beautiful she looked as she would bend over and kiss him, that he almost forgot about his loved forests.

One day he woke, but he felt so queerly. There was the sun shining in the open windows, through which he had a view of a distant church spire and some tall trees near by. He could hear the happy chirp of the birds outside, and they seemed to be carrying him back in thought to the forests once more. The kind lady was bending over him and the gentleman was near by.

All the buzzing in his head ceased and he seemed to dream what he never had dreamed before. He dreamed he saw a pretty little cottage and his father and mother so devoted

to him. And then he saw all three of them on their way through the Adirondacks, and then he saw himself go to the edge of a bluff to look over, only to fall far down to a ravine below; then he remembered crawling out a long, long way, and being found by a bad old man, who took him to live with him; then he saw his father and mother weepingly having a search made for his little body, not finding it and giving him up for lost. And now he felt he was dying. He could think and see as he never had before, and before his eyes flashed visions of that beautiful far-distant land, where angels and saints were, and where sweet music sounded, and where all was joy and happiness, and he knew he was dying.

Suddenly all came to him like a flash, the flash of returning consciousness—the last splutter of the candle burning to its end—for he was dying.

And with a glad cry he raised himself and threw his little arms around the kind lady's neck, and put his head down on her bosom, and as he felt her hot tears on his face he closed his eyes contentedly and murmured, "My own darling mother, my own darling mother, I'm going home!"

## THE GUIDE'S STORY.

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THE fire was blazing cheerily ; the stars were twinkling brightly in the sky above ; the moon was casting her soft, silvery beams over the waters of the lake, making a pretty play of lights and shadows in the trees in which the little camp was almost hidden.

It was a happy looking group, reclining in various attitudes suggestive of comfort, on the fragrant balsam boughs with which the camp was spread, as they watched the blazing logs and listened to the stories being told. There were five in all, three men and two members of the fair sex, who should have been mentioned first.

Robert Lee, having lost himself in the Indian Pass some years back, had distinguished himself again by *losing his heart* to her who was now Mrs. Lee, and as the fire lighted up her pretty face, with its dark eyes and hair, and its sweet smile, Lee could not help thinking he was indeed blessed. Mrs. Lee loved

the woods, and slender and girlish as she looked, she was a good walker and climber.

So with her sister, familiarly known as the jolly Miss Kitty Brown, who had several times distinguished herself by killing a deer, and with Lee's friend, Rodney Ransom, they had gone with a guide into the wilderness for an outing.

Their guide was a man full of dry humor, and coupled with his knowledge of the woods and his fund of rare old stories—which he insisted, with an appearance of truth showing in his tanned and weatherbeaten face, were true—he indeed was a jewel.

He was now deep in a story.

"Wal, gentlemen," he was saying, "you fellers come up to the mountains and you go into the woods and you allers want to have stories. But what's the use of us telling you things, what's the use—you never believe them. Now I could tell you people something very strange that happened in this very lake, but what's the use, what's the use, you'd laugh and say 'twas whiskey!" and he looked aggrieved.

"Come now, Norris, we don't. Bob and I believe every word. Don't we, Bob?" said Ransom, with a wink which the guide did not notice, "and the ladies, they swear by you!"

"Of course we do, Norris. Go on and try us," said Mrs. Lee.

The guide looked inquiringly from one to the other, and apparently being assured, he cleared his throat and began. They settled themselves after first giving the fire a poke.

"Wal," began the guide, in a drawling, slow voice, "have ye read Murray's story of Phantom Falls? Wal! it ain't true. There's not a man guiding in these parts who could go over those falls, and as for phantoms and sperrits, he never saw any 'cept he found them in his 'little brown jug.'" Here the guide chuckled. "But as I was saying, *I have* seen things and had an experience here on this very lake—the Au Sable—that is raally true, raally *bony fidy* true," looking around to see if any of his hearers seemed to question, but finding they were all listening with demure faces, he seemed to gain courage.

"One night, I was sitting smoking my pipe, and was thinking lots. It was one of these cloudy nights, and was warm, and as I sat here by the water's edge, I could see a faint mist rising up from the surface. Suddenly I saw a thin white streak of light shining right through this mist, kinder ghostly. Wal! I don't believe in sperrits, so thinks I, 'tis the moon. But as I looked, it seemed to move,

now forward, then back. I began to feel kinder scared, and sorter creepy, but I made up my mind, that sperrit or not, I was going to find out what it was doin' out on the lake at that time of night. So I went and got my boat and taking my gun, took a paddle and began paddling out to that there queer light. Suddenly it disappeared, and as I looked around all I could see was the clouds overhead and the mist rising all round. Somehow or other I got turned and wasn't sure which way I'd come through, to be sure, the lake isn't very big."

Here he paused for a second, and lighting his pipe, he took one or two puffs and continued: "Wal, I started to row, but instead of going back to my camp, I must have turned down the lake, for after some minutes rowing, I found I was still in the mist and couldn't see the shore. Thinks I, that's mighty funny, but I hadn't time to make up my mind which way to go, when there again, close at hand, was that tarnation thin bright streak of light—but very much nearer. Darn yer, thinks I, I'll catch yer if it takes me 'til morning, so again I made for it, forgetting all about going to the shore. As I went, the light seemed to move too. I was now getting kinder mad, and when stroke after stroke I took with my paddle, and

I didn't gain a bit on it, it really took my temper. Presently I saw it was taking me up the little river at the end of the lake, but I kept on. I paddled faster and rapidly gained on it, and in a second would have been by the side of it, when, would you believe it, it disappeared? And then as quickly it appeared again, white and dazzling, but while I saw it there, it didn't seem to be anything nor come from anything, and yet there it was. Whether it was because the mist had made the air very chill, or whether it was that I was frightened, I don't know, but when the light went away again, I shivered and shook and felt mighty sorry I had followed it. Now don't you think that a strange experience."

He stopped for a second and then looked at his hearers to see how they were impressed.

"Well, what happened then, why don't you go on?" several asked at once; "or is that the end?"

"Is that the end? No sir, not much. The exciting part is yet to come. The mist had closed in so that now that the light was gone, I couldn't see a bit, and had to land my canoe on the shore of the little river, there only about twenty feet wide. As I struck a match, there I saw a camp of logs, empty and evidently deserted. Unlike most camps, it had a

door, half open. Wal, I walked to it and went in and lighted a fire. You fellows probably would feel sorter skeered like, to sleep in a place like that after my experience, but I am used to the woods and never thought of being afeard.

I lighted a fire and looked round a bit, and then feeling sleepy, I turned in. I must have slept an hour or so, when I awakened, feeling very queer. My fire, being a small one, had burnt low, and the hut was pretty dark. I heard steps, as of some one slowly approaching, and then the door opened and there walked in a very old man, with long beard, and dressed in old-fashioned clothes, carrying in one hand a rustly old gun, and in the other—a dazzling white light, a sort of lamp, casting a light just like the pale white streak I had seen on the lake.

I was too skeered ter move, for I felt he must either be a sperrit or a crazy man. He seated himself before the fire and bowed his head on his hands, and groaned aloud. Then I saw him go to a little cupboard in the corner, made of logs, which I hadn't noticed, and opening it he took out a yellow-looking paper, seated himself again and read it. I was dreadfully frightened, for I thought he might turn and see me any moment, so I kept very still.



Some minutes passed, the old man read and re-read the paper, then folded it, and arising went and put it back in the cupboard. Then taking his gun and the bright light in his hands, he passed me, apparently without seeing me, and went out, his steps sounding faintly—even stealthily—on the soft ground outside. Again all was dark. I must have fallen asleep for I did not wake until late the next day. There I was in the hut, so it could not be a dream, but look as I could, I couldn't see any cupboard, in fact nothing unusual but a big fireplace built of brick and mud. Outside, the sun was shining brightly, but it was many a day before I forgot my experience following that light. Now what do you think it was? ”

When the guide stopped, no one replied for a moment.

The moon and stars were still shining, and the wind which had arisen was sighing mournfully through the pines. This, coupled with the guide's story, made several of the party furtively glance around as if to assure themselves that no “sperrit” was around, yet being afraid to let any one see them do it. Miss Kitty Brown had crept up closer to her sister, and had taken her hand, while her eyes, expectant and as large as saucers, were fixed on the guide.

As Lee arose and threw another log on the fire, and kicked it to make it blaze up, he saw a quizzical look on old Norris's face, as if he was pleased at the result of his story.

"Well, Norris, you certainly can tell them ! Perhaps you don't know lying is a sin !" said Lee with a laugh. "No wonder you don't take any stock in Murray !"

Old Norris laughed. "But it's true, though, every bit of it, and you can see the old camp any day you please. It is only a few miles up the river."

"Well, Norris, we don't believe you all the same. But, say, Rod, suppose we go up there some day, and take the ladies," said Lee.

"No, count us out, Bob," broke in Mrs. Lee. "We don't want to see haunted houses and old men 'sperrits,' and bright lights. You and Rod go, and Kitty and I'll keep camp."

"No, then we'll give it up," Bob answered, and then looking at his watch, he continued : "Come, I had no idea it was so late, we must all turn in."

Soon sleep came to them, but they dreamed of lights and spirits, the fire blazing brightly being the only guard or watch on the little camp.

## BALSAM BOUGHS.

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### I. LEE'S MISADVENTURE.

**T**HEY were still in camp on the Au Sable. Early one morning they were all awake, for Lee and Ransom were going out for a tramp, while Mrs. Lee and Kitty stayed in camp, the guide also being left behind to mend a boat and cook for them.

Promising to return in the afternoon, Lee and Ransom started, and being both good woodsmen, they did not follow any trail but taking the course they wished to go, started directly into the woods.

There had been a long dry spell in the mountains—a most unusual thing where rains are frequent and where days sometimes succeed one another without a cessation of the pouring rain. As a consequence the ground was dry and hard and very easy walking, and the two men tramped rapidly along, speaking but little, for conversation in the forest is carried on

under some difficulties, as the roughness of the way makes talk rather disconnected.

It was a day for the gods! Already the foliage of many of the trees was beginning to turn, and these colorings of red, amber, gold and yellow contrasted beautifully with the dark leaves of the evergreens. The air was blowing crisp and cold, and though it boded somewhat of a storm, yet coupled with the beauty of the foliage, it made our walkers feel what an ideal place the Adirondacks was for a day's outing.

Suddenly Rod, who was slightly in the lead, paused and beckoning to Lee, when he came up showed him some marks on the leaves and moss. "Fresh deer tracks, by Jove! Let's follow up, Bob, and see if we have any luck." Lee agreed and away they went, rapidly walking in the direction the tracks seemed to go. They had no dog, but the marks were evidently so recently made, they had strong hopes of coming up with the deer.

In their excitement they did not heed which way they were going, neither did they notice how fast they were walking, nor what time it was. They had gone some distance, when Rod, again in the lead, held up his hand in warning and pointed ahead, and there, sure enough, was a fine large buck. Unfortunately, Lee, as he glanced ahead, did not notice a

sudden unevenness of the ground, where a root catching his foot tripped him and sent him headlong, scattering the contents of his pack and making sufficient noise to frighten a dozen deer.

Off went the buck, but although Rod fired immediately, he merely wounded him if he did not entirely miss him. Without dogs it was useless to pursue him.

Lee, mad at himself for his unlucky fall, started to get up, but immediately fell back with a groan. Rod darted to his side, and found that he had badly sprained his ankle. A drink of whiskey revived him, but it was seen it would be very painful walking for him. The sun was by this time high in the heavens, and as they looked around they found they had not the slightest idea of their whereabouts, though they saw they must evidently be far from the camp.

Painfully hobbling along Lee proceeded some distance, but the pain of his now swollen ankle became so great that presently he stopped and told Rod he would have to go on alone and leave him, and come back with the guide. "You can easily find the way back," he added, "by blazing the trees as you go."

Rod positively refused to go, and wanted to attempt to carry Lee, to which Lee would not

agree. Rod did not know what to do; he hated to leave his friend there alone in the woods, especially as it was rapidly clouding over and a storm seemed imminent, but he knew it was foolish to attempt to carry a heavy fellow like Lee. As he looked doubtfully around, meditating as to what had better be done, he saw a gleam of water. Telling Lee, he ran to it and saw it was a little river, and on a bend a little ways up was a rickety looking log-camp.

"Better than the open woods, though," thought he, so running back to Lee he placed his arm around his waist, and putting Lee's arms around him, somehow or other they finally reached the little camp.

Pushing open the door, they entered. It was a one-story structure, not open on one side as the camps in this region usually were, but being entirely enclosed and having a rough fire-place and chimney on one side, now very dilapidated looking, with long fissures where the stones and mud had fallen away. Lee, with a sigh of relief, threw himself on some boughs in one corner while Rod started to light a fire. There was soon a bright blaze in the hearth, and it was not long before they had strengthened the "inner man" with a good meal.

The storm which had been threatening, now broke upon them. The lightning darted across the sky, the reverberations of thunder echoed among the mountains and the rain came down in torrents. Presently the thunder and lightning ceased, but the heavy rain continued without a sign of the clouds breaking away. It was now late in the afternoon and Lee began to worry for fear his wife would be frightened at his non-appearance. Rod also appeared to be thinking of this. Perhaps the fair Kitty had something to do with the soberness of his thoughts ! There was no help for it, however ; it would be simply foolishness for Rod to go on in this rain, and if the guide started to find them, Rod's absence would entail still another hunt. So they sat there and tried to console themselves with thinking that Mrs. Lee and Kitty would see at once they were detained by the rain, and would be sensible enough to trust that they would turn up safe and sound the following day.

## II. KITTY'S EXPLOIT.

In the meantime Mrs. Lee and Kitty had been having a happy morning in camp. They loved the quiet and peace which seemed to per-

vade this wild region ; they delighted in the perfect water and mountain views this lake with its surrounding peaks afforded ; they enjoyed the exhilarating exercise of a row on the smooth surface of the lake, or a stroll on the easy trails near the camp, and now that autumn was approaching they could gather to their heart's content the gold and bronze leaves woman so loves to have.

On this morning the guide was busy at the water's edge "fixin' a boat," and alone in the camp they amused themselves for a while as a woman can, doing various little things which men scoff at and yet which add much to their comfort.

"Kitty," said Mrs. Lee, looking up, "doesn't it look to you like a storm? I do hope they will not get caught out in it and come home soaked!"

"Rod says, fellows rather like getting soaked, as it gives them a good excuse for recourse to the whiskey," replied Kitty, disregarding the question about the storm.

"Rod! Well, when did you get to call him Rod, I'd like to know?" questioned Mrs. Lee.

Kitty blushed a little, and then looking demurely at her sister, said: "Why shouldn't I call him Rod? We should really be old friends by this time."



Her sister looked at her a moment, thinking that that pretty little blush meant more than *friendship*, but she discreetly kept her ideas to herself. "Well, to answer my question, is it going to storm?" she asked again.

"It looks like it, doesn't it. They will probably appear like two drenched dogs, hungry and cross, and mad at the rain for spoiling their tramp. But Mary, why not seize time by the forelock, and take a stroll while it is clear?"

Mrs. Lee assented, and they were soon ready, but then changing their minds they went out rowing instead, Kitty taking with her a little rifle Lee had one time given her.

The clouds made the play of lights and shadows even more beautiful than usual, and they were revelling in the exquisite beauty of the scene, when Kitty suddenly dropped the oars—for she was rowing—and taking the rifle, looked towards shore.

A noble buck was standing irresolutely on the bank, having that instant come out of the woods.

"Oh! Don't shoot," cried Mrs. Lee, who with all her love for the woods and mountains, had a dislike amounting to horror at shooting deer.

It was too late. The rifle had gone off and

had done its deadly work, for Kitty was a good shot and the nearness to the shore had made the stag an easy mark. An agonized plunge or two, and there was a noble buck lying dead, his beautifully branching antlers a fit trophy of the forest.

Kitty insisted on rowing up to it, much to Mrs. Lee's disgust, who, though praising the shot, kept saying, "poor thing!" for it seemed pathetic, even wicked, to her, this useless killing of game. The buck had evidently been wounded before, and that recently, for just underneath the little hole Kitty's bullet had cut to its goal, was another ragged cut where a bullet had struck, but not fairly, so as to take life.

When they regained the camp they sent the guide for the deer to bring it back, and then started for a stroll, Kitty greatly elated at her successful shot and dying to see Rod to tell him all about it.

The afternoon wore away. They had returned from the walk and had been hourly expecting the return of Lee and Rod, but still they did not come. Then the storm had come on, the thunder and lightning and the melancholy down-pour of rain adding to their fears for the missing ones. They tried to be philosophical and not worry, but as all know, when

some dear one is absent, philosophy loses its force, and fears and doubts will creep in.

Hour after hour passed ; the rain still came down heavily ; the wind began to moan dismally through the trees ; the leaves seemed continually falling and the scene was as dreary as could be. Their fire, to be sure, still blazed away, for they had poured oil over the logs, and once fairly started, even the rain could not put out the dry wood blazing away brightly.

Late in the afternoon, the guide, who was used to all sorts of weather, and who minded getting drenched no more than a water rat, offered to go in search of the missing ones. After some hesitancy Mrs. Lee let him go, but he had not been gone long before he had to return on account of the gathering darkness. There was no help for it.

Mrs. Lee gave them up for that night and in spite of her fears for their safety, determined to accept resignedly what could not be prevented. She was somewhat reassured by the guide, who told her that Lee and Rod were so used to the forest and really such good woodsmen, the danger of their being lost was very slight, and that the only reason there could be for their not returning must be that they had wandered very far away, and had stopped under cover somewhere on account of the rain.

Poor Kitty moved about with a most doleful look and something in her eyes that looked suspiciously like tears. Mrs. Lee, who began to suspect the true state of affairs, tried her best to comfort her, and when supper was over and the guide had disappeared to put away their handsome service in the way of tin dishes, she drew Kitty to her, and with her young sister's head on her shoulder and her arm softly caressing her waist, she drew from Kitty, who began to cry softly, that Rod had the day before asked her to marry him, and that she loved Rod and had told him she would think it all over and give him his answer in a day or two.

"And now, Mary," she sobbed, "Rod is lost and maybe something has happened to him, and he will never know how I really love him. Tell me, Polly dear," (using her favorite term of endearment), "*do* you think he is all right?"

Her sister smiled, even amid her own doubts, to see how Kitty had apparently forgotten all about Bob, and was only thinking of "her Rod."

Trying to console Kitty, she really comforted herself, and when later on the rain ceased, she began to feel easier and they managed to get to sleep.

Late in the night she awoke and glancing out of the open front of the camp over the smouldering embers, she saw that the moon and stars were shining brightly, it having cleared off very cold and sharp. The beautiful night seemed to bode good, so after imprinting a soft kiss on Kitty's forehead, as she so peacefully slept, Mrs. Lee again closed her eyes and was soon deep in slumber.

### III. A STRANGE FIND.

As night fell, Lee and Rod made themselves as comfortable as possible, seeing that they must pass the night in the old hut.

Lee's ankle was feeling much easier after a good rubbing with whiskey, and what was better still, a good rest. Rod was continually going to the door and looking at the clouds, but soon darkness put a stop to this, though the constant patter of the rain drops on the leaves outside was enough to assure them that they could not go on that night.

Then Rod came and stretched himself before the fire, and they lighted their pipes, which so often cheer a man and drive away cares. For a while they sat in silence, Rod from time to time, by that peculiar roll of the tongue, sending

the wreaths of blue smoke circling to the ceiling, one following another, slowly floating upward like little clouds. Lee was gazing meditatively at the flames, thinking of the other camp and wondering how everything was going on there, all the while blaming himself for his carelessness in tripping over the root which disabled him, as if such things were not ordained to be.

Presently his eyes wandered from the fire to the old chimney. This was large and roomy, and with the hearth took up all of one side of the cabin. It was roughly built of stones and mud, and now, after probably years of decay, was gradually tumbling down.

"Rod," said Lee, "do you remember that story of Norris's and that stuff about the weird streak of light and the ghostly old man? I bet he has seen some old place like this and then went and made up the story. What do you think?"

"Well, old fellow, I was just thinking about the same crazy tale. Good, wasn't it, and scared your sister-in-law! Did you notice those eyes of hers, big as saucers, while she listened? I don't believe such a yarn, but still it has some things in it that might be true. For instance, why shouldn't there be a cupboard and an old letter in it?" and Rod turned inquiringly to Lee.

"Well, where is your cupboard and letter here?" replied Lee, as if conclusively settling the point.

"There isn't any, but what's the matter with that old fireplace? It's big enough to hold any quantity of old manuscripts, let alone letters," said Rod.

"Take a look and find them, then," replied Lee, laughingly.

He had no idea that Rod would take his remark in earnest, but he did, and arose and going to the old fireplace looked up it, for it was so large the fire did not touch the sides, nor did it make it too hot to investigate. Rod cautiously put up his hand, then leaned forward, again looking up, and then with a sudden motion put up the other hand and re-appeared in the room, holding—A BLACKENED ENVELOPE!

Lee started from his couch and watched excitedly as Rod took a letter from the envelope, unfolded it and spread it on his knees. It was an old piece of writing, yellow with dampness and age, but easily legible.

It was a document recording the transfer of certain valuable property from one Henry Henderson to one Adam Brown. On the back of it was written these words: "I have long lived in the consciousness of having committed

a terrible wrong. The paper on which I write this shows that I gave the property mentioned to Adam Brown, a friend, for a sum in cash of many thousand dollars. He died the day after he gave me the money, before the transfer was recorded, and I never handed over the property, but kept it and the money. To aid now in making restitution is my wish.

I will say that Brown's brother, the sole heir, knew nothing about the matter, but was startled at finding his assets were but a few thousands in bank. His heirs are all dead now except two nieces, to whom the whole property was to go when Brown's brother died. Their names are Mary and Katherine Brown. I have lived in the woods many years, and feel sure soon to die here, but though I have not the pluck to make public confession and atonement, yet I hope God may grant this letter may soon be found by some one who will right my wrong." It was signed Henry Henderson.

Lee and Rod gazed at each other in amazement, almost trembling with excitement. "By Jove, 'tis Kitty, 'tis Kitty!" cried Rod. "The old rogue has been defrauding Kitty, the devil take him!" and then added, "come Lee, do you know anything about this? Had Kitty a rich uncle?"

"Yes, she had; old Brown, a nice fellow, re-



garded to be rich, but who died ten years ago, leaving very little, to the surprise of all. Here then is the explanation, and I know the property well—a great big lot and house which has been empty and deserted these many years, but being in the central part of the city is very valuable. Well! Isn't this a strange happening?" and Lee gazed wonderingly at the fire.

"But do you know what I think?" broke in Rod, excitedly.

"No! What do you?"

"I believe this old devil Henderson was the man to whom the deserted camp we found, belonged, when searching for you years ago, and that his was the body we found in the bushes and which we buried near Indian Pass, the very day we found you!" He paused for a second, while Lee seemed to ponder. "And I also firmly believe that old Norris, our guide, was only half in jest when he told us that story about his night in the haunted house, and that he actually found this camp and dreamed about a letter! You know stranger things have happened—often things inexplicable and undeniably queer!"

There was silence. Rod, after speaking, sat looking at Lee, and Lee sat taking in the strange letter. Rod picked up his pipe again.

"Rod, old boy," said Lee, "you are right,

and I shouldn't wonder if your guesses are true. Poor fellow! In this lovely wilderness it is a joy to be alone with one's thoughts amid the beauties of nature, if one has a good conscience; but think of the torture and remorse one must have to be alone here, with the knowledge of guilt and crime on one's soul! Poor Henderson, I pity him deeply."

Rod said nothing, he evidently had little pity for the criminal.

"Will it not be a surprise for Mary and her sister! Now they will both be rich. Take care, Rod, you don't marry dear little Kitty for money!" and Lee laughed. Rod flushed, not at the insinuation about the money—for he himself was very rich—but at the idea of marrying "dear little Kitty."

Soon afterwards they "turned in." It was the middle of the night, when both awakened and heard slow, stealthy steps approaching. Nearer and nearer they sounded, and Lee and Rod thought of the guide's ghostly visitor and unwillingly they felt a strange fear arise. With bated breath they waited and watched. Nearer drew the steps, louder grew the sounds, until they were heard right in front of the rickety door which they had not fastened.

There was a little push and the door opened with a dismal sort of squeak, and there, framed

in the doorway, was their ghostly visitor—A FULL-GROWN PANTHER !

It started as it saw the fire and the occupants of the cabin, and away it flew as Rod, with a shout, "Skat, you beast, away with you !" picked up and threw a burning brand after their nocturnal caller.

What a hearty laugh they had, and how they chaffed each other at the fears each one had felt. Placing several pieces of wood against the door, they soon composed themselves to sleep again, and slept soundly until morning.

#### IV. AN UNLUCKY PADDLE.

As the morning wore on and the men did not appear, Mrs. Lee and Kitty became more and more anxious. It had cleared off so beautifully, however, and the sun was shining so brightly, that their spirits were affected too, and by and by they began to take a cheerful look at things and see that the long absence of the dear ones did not necessarily mean that they were in danger or that anything very disastrous had happened to them.

But they were lonely, and the guide having started off to see if he could find the wanderers, the camp seemed unusually quiet.

Early that morning before starting out, the guide had skinned the deer Kitty had killed, and had roughly mounted the antlers on a strip of wood.

Kitty was as proud as could be over her lucky shot, for she could now boast that during her experience in the "great north woods," she had killed four deer, and could fairly be called a modern Diana.

Mrs. Lee tried to read her a long lecture on her wickedness, which she followed up by going within the log-camp and reappearing, and opening a little book she had of Charles Dudley Warner's, she began to read that pathetic little sketch of his of the doe fleeing for her life with the dogs following at her heels, running her to her death.

Kitty listened attentively, but her spirit was "sporty," as Rod was wont to say, and she could not see where was the wickedness in killing a deer, and she answered up with a little argument of her own, ending with the assertion that "that was what deer were made for, to be killed!"

Mrs. Lee laughed good-naturedly. She saw Kitty could not be convinced, so being tired of the subject, she very wisely dropped it, and growing restless at the silence of the camp and the non-return of the men, she proposed to

Kitty that they take their boat and go for a row up the river running from the end of the lake.

Kitty assenting, they made ready and were soon off.

Kitty wanted to paddle, so for a while they did not use the oars, but allowed the boat to be under Kitty's guidance, she doing the paddling. Now, as any one who paddles is aware, if you do not understand it, it is hard—if you do understand it, it is as delightful as it is easy.

Kitty knew almost nothing about it, but she was plucky and determined, and had resolved to learn, cost her what it may. Mrs. Lee was a patient and a good-natured woman, but after half an hour, during which time the boat had been made to "wobble" and swerve and careen—several times almost tipping over, owing to Kitty's erratic strokes—she put a stop to the performance, and in her position of matron and chaperone, as she said, commanded poor Kitty to stop.

She was obedient and did so, and after a row they turned back to the camp.

They separated, and for some little time Mrs. Lee never thought of Kitty or of what she was doing. She was startled out of her peace of mind, however, by an hallo, in a voice she plainly recognized as Kitty's.

Running to the bank, she saw Kitty in a boat, some distance out, grounded on a bank of lily-pods.

She had gone out again in the boat to paddle by herself, and finding herself stranded, as it were, she tried to push off with the paddle, and in doing so broke it. She had forgotten to take the oars, so there she was out in the lake, helpless to go either forward or back. She was in no danger whatever, but it was certainly not pleasant to stay out there the balance of the afternoon in a boat.

Mrs. Lee laughed, and laughed most heartily, her clear, ringing tones echoing around. Then she began to tease her sister, praising her paddling, the grace and skill of her stroke, the perfect steering and so on. Kitty took it all in the best of humor, and was not at all provoked, but herself joined in the laughter.

Then Mrs. Lee went for the oars and pushing off in the other boat, went to her sister's rescue. It is not an easy task to get free from the lilies when once they encompass you, and it was a matter of some time before they were again on the clear water and were rowing to the land.

There they saw the guide, but no Bob and no Rod. Their spirits again were on the decline and their dinner in the woods seemed sad and lonely.

## V. RE-UNITED.

Mrs. Lee was really frightened. It was late on the afternoon of the second day and still no Robert and no Rod. The guide had started off again in the direction they had gone when they had left the camp, but after tramping some hours he came back without having found a sign of the missing pair. He had followed their tracks for awhile, but they had suddenly become very faint and had apparently gone into the bushes, where of course no trace would be left.

He told Mrs. Lee there was no cause for fear, as men often were lost for days in the woods, but at last would turn up safe and sound.

Poor Kitty was tearful and wretched, and Mrs. Lee was equally so. They could do nothing, they knew; but still, waiting and hoping were so hard.

It was almost dusk, when a shout was heard, and running to the water from which it came, they saw a boat turning from the little river at the end of Au Sable Lake into the lake itself. In the boat were Lee and Rod!

Kitty cried and ran inside the camp. Now Rod was here at last, she did not want to see him. Strange womankind!

What greetings there were and what long tales of adventure when around the camp-fire they were gathered. The story of the missing pair was told with all the details of the wonderful letter—the guide listening with open-mouthed amazement—and then Rod told how in the morning they had found a boat and getting in they had poled, paddled and rowed the boat along down the little river to the lake and so to the camp.

And then the story of Kitty's shooting of the deer was told, and all about the previous wound in its side, it turning out to be the buck at which Rod had fired. And then Kitty told them she and Rod had had a little talk—although she had ran away from him—and if they would approve, she and Rod would like to announce "their engagement." And then there was laughing and kissing and congratulations, followed by songs and good wishes and rare old stories, and it was late in the night, that joyful at all being together once more, they separated to "turn in" in the various little log camps apportioned to the different members of the party, all happy and thankful as they said "good night."

Their voices ceased and soon quiet rested upon the camp. The wind sighed among the tree-tops sweet lullabies; the trees rustled



softly as if whispering "pleasant dreams;" the little waves of the lake gently lapped the shore, making a musical murmur; the logs of the fire blazed merrily away, the dancing flames throwing out a pleasant glow and warmth, as wrapped in their blankets, the party was soon buried in sleep, dreaming of happy days, as they breathed the fragrance of their soft bed of BALSAM BOUGHS.









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